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Ladies' Journal

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TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1884.

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THE LADIES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME IV. No. 4. TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1884. 50 CENTS per annum.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

There is nothing more significant in the dress question than the rapid development of American methods and manufactures, and the position they now take by the side of productions from the Old World. It is true, that nursing our manufactures to so great an extent as we do sometimes, results in higher prices for poorer articles than ought to be the case, but this will right itself in time, as the standard becomes higher and the resources larger. In the mean time, design is really in advance of textile manufacture; the great work-shops which turn out nine-tenths of the clothing worn by American ladies, no longer finding it necessary, or even good policy, to dance attendance on foreign models, but creating their own or taking them from New York fashion designers whose stoles are acknowledged in advance of the French modes. It is not yet twenty-five years since ready-made clothing for ladies did not exist, except in small quantities made to order and brought from Paris at high cost. Trousseaus occasionally ordered in this way generally subjected the purchasers to severe disappointment, for they were a "new departure" in those days, even in Paris, and the cut was bad, the shape was nowhere, and the trimming incongruous. A few vigorous newspaper articles, written about that time, attracted attention, and started a movement all "along the line," and in a few months every shop had become a ladies' "furnishing house."

It has long been conceded that underwear, at least of cotton manufacture, can be better purchased here than abroad, and few articles of this description are now sent for, or even bought by American women abroad, for they know they can obtain them to better advantage at home. But it has been supposed that they could do better so far as dresses and cloaks, jewelry and bric-a-brac, were concerned. But even this fancy is dying out, English women of taste have declared that special silks of American manufacture have no rivals in the foreign market, and it is known that some of the superior New York cloak houses anticipate the designs which are afterward brought over at great cost by French modistes.

The jewels and ornaments made here go to all the courts in Europe and on the Continent, and we are even beginning to use our own tickets and labels. There is no doubt that this might have been done from the beginning with advantage, wherever a good thing stood behind the name, but too many have been afraid to meet the prejudice which they conceived existed (largely in their own imaginations) against American dress or art productions, and therefore labelled them foreign, when they were really home made, and good enough to stand on their merits. Those who have been pioneers in the work of fostering American ideas and creating American standards, who have not only worked in the line of developing American taste at home, but have carried the banner abroad, and planted it on British and continental soil, know that it inspires respect, and assists to give a juster idea of the progress of this country, in all civilized arts and industries. The present season has shown an enormous falling off, not only in the number of tourists abroad, but in the number and value of articles imported. Prices have greatly increased on the other side, and unless a lady knows just how to buy, or stays long enough to purchase goods in the piece, and have them made by the deft fingers of the cheaper class of workwomen, it is not worth while to make purchases at all; in fact, she can do better in New York.

There are many reasons why it is very desirable that American women should emancipate themselves from the bondage of foreign fashions, except so far as they appeal to judgment and sense, as well as taste. We are a practical nation, we have no leisure class, the rich have their duties as well as the poor, and dress should be cultivated with reference to their needs, rather than the apish imitation of folly, or the childish desire for the last new thing.

It is known, moreover, that trade desire to tickle the fancy is at the bottom of nine-tenths of the "novelties," and that the grotesque caprices regularly and industriously evolved for our benefit, would not be offered to experienced and cultivated taste in Paris. A French writer says: "Frenchwomen of rank largely design their own costumes, and even superintend their making. The long evenings in the *chateaux* are spent in making exquisite embroidery for the toilets which will figure in the *salon*, while the trousseaus are often entirely the work of the young lady herself, the mother, and the ordinary seamstress of the family." Ladies who depend upon French styles are all the time embarassed by modes which have no correspondence with our domestic habits and customs. Take the extremely low neck, for example. Its continued existence is only owing to the tenacity with which one respected old lady, the English Queen, clings to tradition and custom. Health and decency alike demand its overthrow. Why should Nineteenth Century women go around displaying their range of thick or thin anatomy? They are too good, too sensible for this sort of business, and ought to set a better example, not only to the young girls here, but to the whole world. This question of low necks and short sleeves, or lace sleeves, or no sleeves, enters more largely into the economy of life and health than would be imagined. Women who go much into society cannot wear a thickness of wool, of the softest, next the skin, or covering even the body, because arms and necks must be free for display, and this not only occurs with the very limited number who can keep their dwellings at a summer temperature, and protect themselves from sudden changes but it disturbs the thousands of others, and prevents them from providing, as a matter of course, just what they ought for their own health and comfort. That there has been a great improvement in the matter and manner of women's dress during the past twenty years, admits of no question, but there is room for more, and it ought to come from the top; American women of society ought to set the example of that which is best from the highest and most intelligent point of view: but unfortunately the women of society are not always those that are most distinguished by either sense or intelligence.

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A man may successfully paint the town red, but when afterward he has a brush with a policeman he looses color.

A FOOTLIGHT FAVORITE.

CHAPTER VI.

It was Mark who lifted Leslie into the mail-phaeton which was waiting to take them to the station; but it was Sir Hugh who rather jealously interposed to wrap the dust rug over her dainty gray draperies, touching her hand softly as he took his seat beside her and gathered up the reins. Mark was to go behind, Sir Hugh's groom having already gone on to meet them at the station.

"A pleasant journey, my dear!" Lady Forsyth said kindly, smiling at the beautiful face near her son's. "Give my kind regards to your sisters, and say I hope soon to have the pleasure of making their acquaintance."

"Thank you," was Leslie's quiet response, but she added no other word; perhaps she thought that the girls would not appreciate the honor as they should do, or perhaps it was some other thought which made her answer so shortly that it only escaped being ungracious by the gentleness of her utterance.

"Stay one minute, Hugh," her ladyship said quickly. "McNeil is coming with some flowers for Leslie."

As they waited, Mark, who had been taking leave of Lucy Forsyth and Bee, hurried to take his seat, and, as he did so, he caught sight of Leslie's face. She was leaning forward in the phaeton, and her eyes were fixed upon the grand old house rising so fair and stately in the summer sunshine; and as she looked a passing expression of pride and satisfaction swept over her features. Oakhampton was indeed a home of which many a woman would have been proud to be mistress; there were few more stately in the length and breadth of the land.

As the lady of Oakhampton, Leslie need have no more toilful days, no hard study, no jealousy from less successful actresses, nor would she be obliged, as she sometimes was, to bear a touch unpleasant to her, to feel lips near her own from which she shrank with passionate repugnance. Sir Hugh Forsyth's wife need have no fears for the future, when illness or age should have prevented work; her sisters need know no privations, they could have every advantage—Jenny could have the music-lessons she so longed for. Madge need not go out to her dismal teaching morning after morning, when Leslie was rich.

All these things flashed through the girl's mind as she leaned forward, looking at the noble mansion which was to be her future home; then her glance rested on a slender figure in blue which stood on the broad white steps, with the sunshine on her golden hair and a pitiful little smile on her lips, a smile which she tried to make cheerful and bright, poor child; but the attempt was a failure, for it was belied by the sadness in the sweet eyes, as blue as the dainty cambric gown.

When the old head-gardener, a dignified individual, whose favor Leslie had won by her great love for and appreciation of his beautiful flowers, came up with a basket full of magnificent roses, Leslie started violently; but she recovered herself almost immediately, and thanked him pleasantly in her sweet unsteady voice, which had such a pretty plaintive intonation just then.

"Wait one moment, Hugh," she said, as Sir Hugh prepared to start; and, with hurried, trembling fingers, she took from the basket a most lovely gleam de Dijon rose; and, leaning forward, she handed it to Bee, who came down the steps, coloring brightly, and stood on tip-toe to reach it. "You will remember that I gave it to you in all love," Leslie said gently, with a strangely pained smile. "Now, Hugh," she added quickly, "I am ready, and we must not linger. It will not do for us to miss the train, will it?"

"Why not?" Sir Hugh asked, as they drove away. "There is another train somewhat later."

"Yes; but Dora will meet the one I arranged to travel by, and I am longing to see her."

The ride to the station was not a silent one, thanks chiefly to Sir Hugh, who was talking eagerly about alterations and improvements he was going to make on the estate, subject of course to Leslie's approval.

"Perhaps I had better leave them until we return," he said, "and we can consider the plans together?"

Leslie made no answer; but a slight smile flitted over her lips, a faint incredulous smile, which might mean anything or nothing.

"Everything seems perfect as it is," Mark put in from behind. "Any alteration will not improve your place, Forsyth."

"Oh, there is a good deal to be done! I was away such a long time, you know," Sir Hugh answered. "I must build some new stables too."

"What kept you so long away from home, Hugh?" Leslie questioned presently. "Lady Forsyth would have been terribly lonely, but for Miss Ferris."

"Miss Ferris has not been long at Oakhampton," Sir Hugh replied, with some constraint in his voice. "My mother has received but too little consideration at my hands, I fear," he added, with a little sigh. "We must try and make it up to her in the future, Leslie."

"Yes," she said gently. "I hope you will, Hugh."

But Mark noticed that she did not say "we," as he had done, and that there was a slight emphasis on the "you" which her *fiance* apparently did not heed.

"You will not keep me waiting longer than you can help, Leslie?" Sir Hugh said, as they sauntered up and down the platform together, Mark having gone to take the tickets and see about the luggage, a task which he was discreetly prolonging to the uttermost.

There were some few minutes to spare, for Sir Hugh's swift cheanuts had covered the distance in a very short time, and the up-train was not yet due.

"You will not keep me waiting long, Leslie?" he repeated, as the girl made no answer. "I should like to take you abroad this winter, and show you all the places you are so anxious to see, and have you all to myself for a little while."

Leslie glanced up at him for a moment, with her bright melancholy smile.

"Would you?" she asked gently.

"I feel so much more at rest when with you," he continued rather huskily, looking down at the sweet face with some sorrow and remorse and tenderness in his own. "When I am away from you, Leslie, all sorts of doubts and fears come to me, and make me restless and dissatisfied. I am not worthy of you, dear, I know; but you will make the best of me, will you not?"

She had been walking by his side up and down the platform; but she had not taken his arm. Now she slipped her little hand within it.

"You must not speak so!" she said, her voice low and unsteady now. "You are worthy of any love you have won, Hugh. And, dear, in the future, whatever comes, you will remember that I have always acted for your happiness, and that it is the dearest thing in the world to me."

He pressed the little fingers gently, and looked down at her, smiling. Something in the beautiful face made the smile fade, and an anxious expression came into his own.

"What do you mean, Leslie?" he asked hastily.

"What do I mean?" she echoed smilingly. "Why, just what I say, of course! In the future, Hugh, if I seem to disappoint you, or hurt you, or vex you, you must try to forgive me and to excuse me to yourself by saying, 'She did it for the best; it is for my happiness.'"

Her face and voice were both very earnest just now; but she was smiling as she looked up at him, although she was very pale, even to her lips. Before he could answer, she had removed her hand from his arm, and had gone eagerly forward to meet Mark, who was coming towards them.

"Is the train signalled?" she said, with a strange eagerness, almost wildness in her manner. "Yes? Oh! I thought so! Did you telegraph to Dora, Mark? I should not like her not to meet us."

"I have obeyed all your behests," he answered laughingly. "By-the-way, do you know who is going up by the same train?"

"Some one we know?" she asked, the eagerness fading from her face and manner.

"Some one you know very well," he replied, "and some one who is very anxious to see you."

"Who can it be?" she said languidly.

"Jack Robson," Mark answered, smiling. "He has been staying in the neighborhood for some weeks, writing a new play which is to be brought out this winter, and the principal *role* has been specially written for you."

"Then Mr. Robson must prepare for a disappointment," Sir Hugh broke in, with some haughty impatience in his manner. "I hope Leslie will not take any new *role*. She must be content to rest upon her present laurels," he added, turning to her and speaking more gently. "They must be sufficent to her."

Leslie said nothing; she did not even glance at him as he spoke, and, with ill-concealed impatience, he saw her move forward so speak to Mr. Robson, a handsome, fair-haired *litterateur*, and by far the most successful playwright of the day. Sir Hugh had met him in London; but he greeted him with the greatest coldness consistent at all with civility, and looked very haughty and unapproachable.

The train came into the station, slackening its speed; the porters hurried up with luggage; Mark went away for a moment to see that all Leslie's belongings were safe; Mr. Robson hastened to secure a compartment, which he hoped to share with Leslie and Mark; and, for a brief minute, Sir Hugh and Leslie were alone.

"Leslie, you will not forget that you can enter into no engagements for this winter," Sir Hugh said hastily. "You must have some consideration for me."

"Do not fear," she said gently; "I will have so much consideration for you, Hugh, that I will put your happiness before all things. I will write to you to-morrow," she added, as she went forward rather unsteadily to the carriage.

"I shall expect the letter then, Leslie. What is the matter? You are ill," he added hastily, as she staggered; but she recovered herself immediately.

"No," she said, in a strangely quiet tone. "Good-bye, Hugh. Good-bye, my dear," she added softly, letting her eyes rest upon his face with a long, lingering, farewell look, which filled him with a strange foreboding and haunted him long after Leslie's pale face, framed in the window of the railway-carriage, has disappeared.

CHAPTER VII.

The twilight was gathering over the great city on the second day after Leslie and Mark's return from Oakhampton Court, and the painter was alone in his studio. It was too dark to paint; but a picture wet upon the easel, and palette and brushes thrown carelessly beside it showed that Mark had been occupied, although now, leaning back in a great leathern arm-chair, he was smoking idly, his hands clasped behind his head, his gray eyes full of thought — painful thought too, judging from the lines in his broad brow.

He was thinking of Leslie—when was he not thinking of her?—of the dumb anguish in her eyes during their journey back to town, of the intense love which had shone in them when they rested on Sir Hugh, of her strange mechanical acceptance of his own care during their journey; she seemed like a woman moving in her sleep, he had thought more than once. How would it all end? he wondered. Would Sir Hugh keep the promise in deed which he had already broken in spirit? Would Leslie, who had discovered the truth, accept a half-hearted allegiance, a faith which kept him indeed "falsely true?" He had not seen Leslie during the two days which had elapsed since their return, although he had called at the Sisterhood. She had gone to rehearsal, Dora Scott told him, looking at him with anxious enquiry in her eyes. She seemed well? he had asked, and her sister had answered, yes, well and very busy, and there had been a letter from Sir Hugh both mornings.

With that assurance he had to be satisfied, and with it he tried to quiet his anxiety for her; but it was difficult to do so, remembering the pain which had crept into Leslie's brown eyes during her first hour at Oakhampton, and which had seemed so deepened during her visit. True she had smiled and sung and feigned to be gay, but that look had never left her eyes, never for one brief moment.

Mark's own pain had been lost sight of in his sorrow for Leslie. Why had not Sir Hugh left her alone, he wondered fiercely sometimes, since his love had brought her misery? Why had he taken her—Mark's one ewe lamb—to be the pastime of some idle hours? Were there not thousands of women in the world, women in his own rank, who would have been glad to while away a few of their idle hours with him, that he must needs take Leslie—poor Leslie, who was so earnest and faithful and deep-natured? How could she be happy as his wife, knowing—as she could not fail to know, since he, Mark, had seen it—that Sir Hugh's love was hers no longer? That she loved him with all the passion and fervour of her nature, that she had poured out at his feet the inestimable treasure of such a heart as hers, Mark did not doubt; and he wondered how it all would end. Would she marry Sir Hugh, and seek in wealth and position for the happiness so many women find in them? He knew Leslie too well to let that thought take root. It was not for wealth or position she had betrothed herself to Sir Hugh; it was for the one omnipotent reason that she loved him; and, leaning back in his arm-chair, meerschaum between his teeth, Mark felt that it would be easy to die if he could give his darling the love she craved.

A knock at the studio door aroused him from his reverie, and, with a sigh and a little frown, he put down his paper and uttered a somewhat impatient—

"Come in!"

"A gentleman to see you, sir, said the servant; "his business is important, he said."

"Any name?" Mark asked laconically, with a longing glance at his meerschaum.

"No, sir; but he begs you will see him. He is in the dining-room, sir."

"Very well, I'll come at once," the painter said rather moodily; and he preceded the servant down the long passage to the dining-room, a large, square, gloomy apartment looking out on to the dingy square, which was quiet and deserted now.

The blinds had not been drawn down, but the gas had been hastily lighted in the drawing-room — Mark's household was a rather irregular one, as a bachelor's household is apt to be—and the light fell strongly upon the pale agitated face of a young man who stood near the table, looking dusty and travel-stained and al-

together unlike handsome debonair Sir Hugh Forsyth as he usually appeared. Mark started a little at sight of him, and a look of anxiety flashed into his dark-gray eyes.

"Forsyth?" he exclaimed hurriedly. "What brings you here? There is nothing wrong, I hope?"

"You might have guessed I should come," Sir Hugh returned sullenly, trying to conceal his agitation by an assumption of calmness, which contrasted with his unsteady hands and restless eyes.

"Guessed that you would come!" Mark repeated in surprise. "What do you mean, Forsyth?'

"I have come to you for an explanation," the young man said less steadily. "What is the meaning of this, Stretton?"

"Of what?" Mark asked, repressing his own agitation and anxiety at sight of his visitor's excitement.

"Do you need to ask?" the other said bitterly. "Hardly, I think, since you are her friend and cousin!"

His angry sneering voice brought a hot flush to Mark's face; but he repressed his indignation.

"Her friend!" he said quietly. "Yes; if you are alluding to Leslie, I am her friend, Hugh, and yours for her sake, as well as your own."

"And, as her friend, I come to you for an explanation."

"An explanation of what?"

"Of her conduct! Pshaw, do not feign ignorance, Stretton. Surely you are aware that she has—she has thrown me over?"

The angry color died out of Mark's face, and he faced Sir Hugh, pale and agitated as himself now.

"Thrown you over!" he repeated hoarsely, his gray eyes growing puzzled and pained.

"Yes! Did you not know it?" the young man answered passionately. "Surely she confided in you?"

"Take care!" Mark said haughtily. "I will not hear that tone from you or any one else. I know nothing of this," he added more calmly. "And you seem hardly in a condition to give me a very lucid explanation. Sit down and tell me all about it, if you can."

"There's not much to tell," Sir Hugh answered, throwing himself into a chair and looking up at Mark with haggard restless eyes as he stood by the table, anxious and perturbed. "I received this letter this morning, and I came up at once to answer it in person. I have been to St. John's wood; but Leslie is at the theatre, and—I came on here to see if you, as her nearest male relative, could give me any explanation."

As he spoke, he threw a letter upon the table, a letter which had evidently been crushed and crumpled by an impatient hand; and, obeying his gesture, Mark put out his hand—a rather unsteady hand just now—and lifted the dainty tumbled sheet.

It was a short letter, little more than a note, written in Leslie's pretty characteristic hand and signed by her; but, short as it was, it made Mark's heart beat quickly, and his eyes grow dim and misty. It ran thus—

"My Dear Friend,—With this you will receive the ring which you gave me some months since. I return, with the diamonds, the promise they typified, and so free you from any engagement to me. You will understand my reasons for doing so perhaps—any pain I may have caused you forgive. I never gave it to you willingly, you well know that. That we may still be good friends I hope and believe, and you will have no truer wishes for your happiness than those of

"Your sincere friend,

"Leslie Scott."

Mark read the letter through slowly, and, having finished the perusal, stood silently, with his head bent, his lips a little tremulous under his heavy beard. Sir Hugh looked up at him eagerly.

"Well?" he said impatiently. "Can you explain it?"

Mark put down the note, and his gray eyes met Sir Hugh's with a grave steady look.

"Cannot you?" he asked significantly; and at the look and words the young man's restless eyes sank, and there was a moment's silence.

"Cannot you?" Mark repeated slowly then, and Sir Hugh rose impatiently and began to pace up and down the room.

"No, I cannot!" he exclaimed passionately. "I am ready to fulfil my engagement. I am bound to her by every tie of honor and—and inclination. I have been true and faithful and constant. I cannot allow myself to be treated thus. If she gave me any good reason—but she does not—if I thought she did not love me—but I know—I am sure she loves me!" he added, looking at Mark with a sudden enquiry in his blue eyes.

"Yes," Mark said softly, "she loves you."

"Then why does she treat me thus?" the young man questioned fiercely, "I have not deserved such an insult at her hands."

"She does not mean it as one," said Mark gravely. "And—you say that she loves you still. You are sure of that; so am I. I believe she loves you truly and faithfully. Can you say the same of your affection for her?"

"Yes, I love her," Sir Hugh answered defiantly— "I have not ceased to love her."

"Then, if it be so, "Mark said, gravely still and with something of weariness in his voice, "There can be no need for any one's interference. Go to Leslie and tell her that you love her still."

"You do not see—you do not understand," Sir Hugh rejoined irritably. "My honor is at stake."

A bitter smile crossed Mark's lips. Little weight had Sir Hugh's honor in the balance with her happiness, he thought, with a feeling half of contempt, half of pity for the man before him, who was so evidently vacillating between two loves, and in his inmost heart true to neither.

"How can I be useful to you then?" he asked calmly. "As you say, I am Leslie's nearest male relative, and I am only too glad to be able to do anything in her service. Since, although it seems to me that this is a matter between you only, it appears otherwise to you, I will do anything you think necessary."

Sir Hugh glanced at the clock on the mantel-piece, compared it with his watch, walked hastily to the window, looked out then came back to the table.

"Will you come with me to St. John's Wood?" he asked, "She will have returned now; and, no doubt, having heard that I am in London, she will expect to see me to-night."

"It is very late," Mark replied gravely; "she will be tired, and in want of rest."

"Do you think she will be likely to rest until this is settled?' Sir Hugh asked scornfully. "The best way to show your consideration for her will be to come with me now Mark," he added earnestly, "you are my old friend as well as her relative, and you will believe me when I tell you that I only desire her happiness."

"Very well," Mark answered with a sigh; "let us go."

The hansom which had brought Sir Hugh to Russell Square was waiting at the door; the two young men entered, Sir Hugh gave the cabman his orders, and they drove away under the starlit sky, through the gaslit streets. Both were very silent, and both were fully occupied with their own thoughts—Mark's more painful, for he knew what the coming interview would be to Leslie, and he dreaded the suffering for her. And Sir Hugh's were painful enough: in his heart he felt, although he would not confess it even to himself, that Leslie had fathomed his love for Beatrice Ferris, and he despised himself as a coward and a traitor to both women—to Leslie, because he had asked her to be his wife without truly loving her. to Bee because he, bound by every tie of honor to another, had won her love—the love of a child who had trusted him. He was a weak man, not a wicked one, and his self-scorn and self-condemnation were sincere; he would have cut off his right hand, if by so doing he could have been free and unfettered and guiltless of the great wrong he had done the two women who had loved him, and his remorse and anguish were all the keener perhaps from the bodily fatigue and exhaustion which weighed upon him. He had been travelling since morning, having started immediately upon receipt of Leslie's pathetic little note, and a break-down on the line had made his journey longer by some hours than it would otherwise have been; he had been too excited to eat, and he was of far too sensitive an organization not to suffer keenly under his own self-scorn and the thought of the suffering he had caused. Mark, more self-contained and stronger, was startled by his intense pallor and haggard looks as they alighted at the little gateway and the unsteadiness of his gait as they passed up the pathway.

"Leslie has just returned," she said quietly; "She is in the drawing-room. I think she expects Sir Hugh."

She spoke to Mark only, who, with a grave word of thanks, crossed the hall with Sir Hugh; and they entered the little drawing-room, where they had spent many a happy hour, and which always had looked so pretty and home-like and pleasant in the eyes of both.

"I thought you would come," she said calmly, but with a strained husky sound in the voice which was usually so silver sweet and clear. "But——"

She glanced at Mark hesitatingly, and her lips quivered a little.

"I will leave you," he said hurriedly. "There is no need——"

"Pardon me," Sir Hugh interrupted, "I think your presence is necessary. Mark, as a friend and relative of this lady, I should wish to be clear in your eyes at least of all wrong-doing towards her?"

A faint smile parted Leslie's pale lips for a moment: the lines deepened in Mark's brow, and his eyebrows met in a frown. How could he clear himself of wrong-doing towards Leslie in the eyes of one who loved her as Mark loved her?

"What do you wish, Leslie?" the artist asked gently.

"Stay, Mark," she answered, with a glance which told him how welcome his presence was. "I withhold no confidence from you."

"And yet," Sir Hugh broke in passionately, "he tells me he did not know of this letter to me."

"I thought you had the right to the first perusal," Leslie said, with a touch of sarcasm. "Mark should have known, of course, that I had broken off our engagement."

"And your reason for so doing?" Sir Hugh said, with the same passionate impatience.

"And my reason," she answered gravely and gently—"yes."

"And that reason is?"

"That I think our engagement was entered into hastily and without sufficient thought, and that a marriage between us is not calculated to make either of us happy."

She spoke these words in a strange monotonous voice, like that of a child repeating a lesson it had learned by heart; but, as she ended, the calm stillness of her face was stirred for a moment with some painful feeling.

"And may I ask since when you have come to this conclusion?" Sir Hugh questioned bitterly and fiercely. He was half crazed with anger and pain now her loveliness, which had always been so powerful to touch him, had not lost its influence—it urged him even now not to lose her; the thought that he had a rival, that she cared for some other man, which had flashed across him now and again during his hurried journey up to London; occurred to him now, goading him almost to madness.

"Nay," she said very gently, interrupting and silencing with a gesture of her hand the hot angry words which rose to Mark's lips. "It is no new thought, Hugh. If you look back, you will remember that I told you long ago that there were many reasons why a marriage between us would not bring us happiness; but you would not listen. Now you will hear me, because—because, even as I do, you must see the truth of what I said then."

"I cannot understand it!" he exclaimed. "Three days ago, when we parted, you said no word of this; now you reject my love scornfully."

"Ah, no, no—not scornfully!" she said quickly. "Not scornfully—humbly and gratefully. Hugh, do not be harsh and unjust; your own heart must tell you that I am right. What has an actress in common with Lady Forsyth? In years to come—nay, long before a year should pass, you would have repented. You would have been forced to own that you had married beneath you, that you had chosen unworthily; you would have grown to despise your wife because others did so, you would have been sorry when it was too late; you would have hated your bondage when it was out of your power to free yourself and me. Can you picture the misery of such a life? Ah, it is from such a fate that I want to save you, Hugh—now, while there is yet time!"

"We have been all over this ground before," Sir Hugh returned wearily. "I am willing to risk the possibilities you speak of. You accepted my love, you gave me your promise after we had discussed them. You were willing to trust me then! Have I proved unworthy of your faith? Have I ever spoken one word of love to another woman? Have I been false to you in word or deed, that you reject me now?"

"No," she said gently, looking at him with a sad steady glance. "You have been very generous, very good, Hugh."

"I am willing, I am anxious to keep my word to you," he continued, drawing nearer to her as she stood by the mantel-piece, resting her hand upon it as if she needed its support. "Why will you not keep faith with me, Leslie?"

"I have told you," she answered quietly.

"You have given me no good reason," he rejoined passionately. "All your reasons were disposed of long ago. I will not give you up; I will not allow my honor to be called in question. Ah, Leslie, forgive me if I pain you; but you have made me very unhappy."

"I can see that, Hugh," she said, with a sudden break in her voice. "And yet you know—you are sure, are you not?—that it is your happiness I want above all things. Mark"—she turned to him for a moment—"will you leave us? There is no need to stay. Sir Hugh's honor will never be questioned by any friend of mine."

As he passed out of the room, Mark turned and looked back. Sir Hugh stood near Leslie, his head bowed upon his breast, his face haggard, worn, and miserable, but no longer angry or resentful. Leslie's hand was on his arm and her eyes rested upon his face, with a look so infinitely sorrowful, yet so infinitely tender and pitiful, that it might have been the look in a mother's eyes as she bent over a suffering child. Mark went quietly out, closing the door after him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EUTHELIA VISITE.

The graceful simplicity of this wrap will make it a desirable model. The loose fronts are a trifle longer than the back pieces; and the sleeves are set in moderately full at the top. The back pieces are laid in boxplaits, thus giving a graceful fit over the tournure and adding to the stylish effect of the garment. Brocaded or plain velvet, silks and cloths of various kinds, and numerous materials that are used for suitings can be made in this way, and the trimming may be fringe, feather bands, or whatever corresponds well with the goods selected. For medium size of this wrap, five yards and one-quarter of goods twenty-four inches wide, or two yards and three-quarters of forty-eight inches wide, will be required. Five yards and three-quarters of any flat trimming will be sufficient to arrange one row as illustrated. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price thirty cents each.

POLARIS JACKETS.

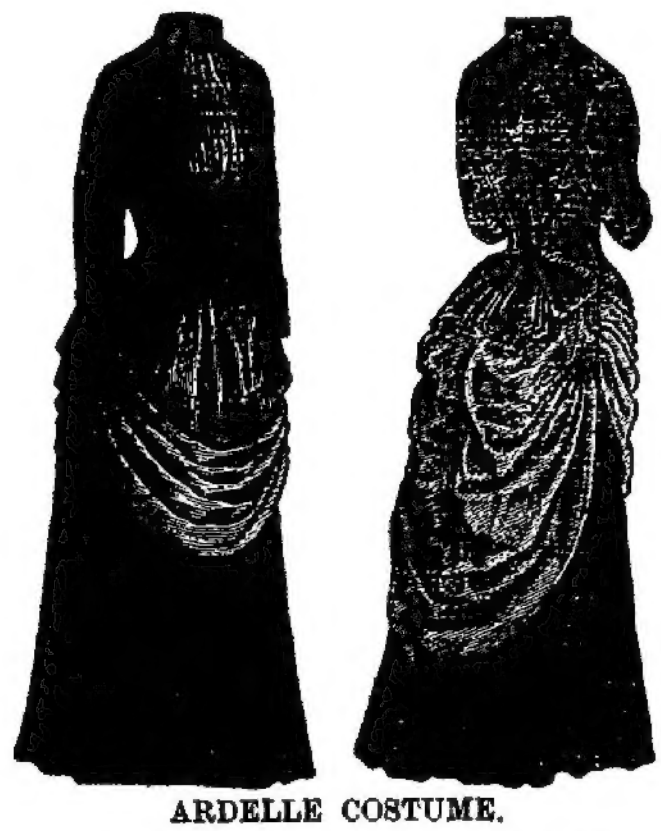
Especially designed for making up sealskin, sealskin plush, Astrakhan cloth, and other heavy goods used for winter cloaks, but quite as desirable for any of the lighter fabrics that are chosen for out-door garments. It is double breasted, and nearly tight-fitting, cut with a single dart in each side of the front, side forms rounding to the armhole, and a seam down the middle of the back. A turn over collar and deep cuffs complete the design, which will be admired for its graceful proportions and becoming length. On some goods the collar and cuffs will be effective when made of fur, while on others, plush or velvet may be used with stylish results. Four yards and one eighth of twenty-four inches wide, or two yards and three-eighths of forty-eight inches wide, will be sufficient to make a medium size of this jacket. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

DOROTHY COSTUME.

This design is particularly admired for the practical ideas it embodies, as for its simplicity and neatness. The skirt is composed of five full breadths shirred at the top and falling quite full all around, while a wide hem and two tucks corresponding in depth with the hem constitute the trimming. A plain round waist and a sash with loops and long ends complete the design, which will be found suitable for all soft woollen goods as well as for washable fabrics, and many other materials selected for house or street wear. Fourteen yards and three-quarters of goods twenty-four inches wide will be sufficient to make a medium size of this costume including the sash, or seven yards and three-quarters of material forty-eight inches wide. One-eighth of a yard of velvet will be required to face the cuffs and make the collar. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

THEKLA CLOAK.

A graceful, half-fitting wrap, with a sacque-shaped front, cut with extensions below the waist-line which are laid in plaits, and an extra skirt piece plaited and attached to the back pieces. Shoulder capes which fall considerably below the waist are an attractive feature to the design, and a belt and Moliere vest give a jaunty and stylish effect to the whole. Coat sleeves and a rolling collar complete the model, which can be suitably made in cloth, with vest, collar, cuffs and a belt of velvet, or it will be equally stylish when made of one material throughout. It is a practical garment that can easily be made in any goods used for outer wraps. The size of ten years will require five yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, or two yards and seven-eighths of forty-eight inches wide. Five-eighths of a yard of straight velvet will make the vest, and three-eighths of a yard of bias velvet will be required for the laces and belt. Patterns in sizes from six to ten years. Price twenty five cents each.



ARDELLE COSTUME.

A plain skirt with an extra width in the back, a graceful overskirt full all the way around at the top, and a basque with a full vest are combined to form this costume, although the effect of a polonaise front is imparted by the arrangement. With the basque and skirt made of velvet or velveteen and the vest and drapery of cashmere or other light weight woollen goods, the design is exceptionally pretty; and it will be found an excellent model for all dress goods selected for misses' wear. For the size of fourteen years, six yards and three-qaarters of velvet or velveteen will make the basque and skirt, and four yards and three-quarters of material twenty four inches wide will be sufficient for the drapery and vest. Patterns in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price twenty-five cents.

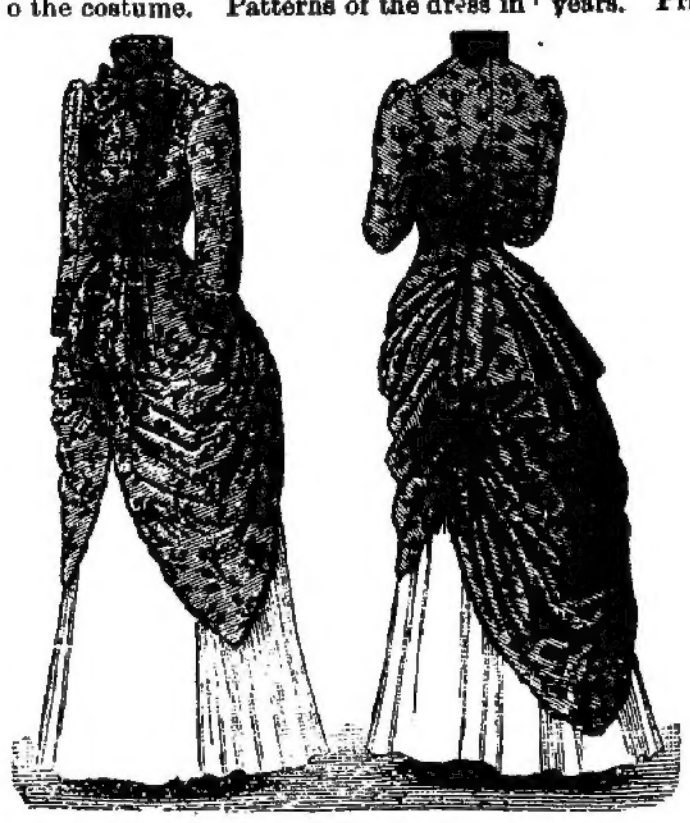
MANITA BASQUE.

A model that is stylish and becoming, as well as practical, is shown in this illustration. The design represents a tight-fitting basque, with additional fullness below the waist line in the back. Braid is arranged down the front to represent a vest, and the narrow width is carried to the back edge of the side form. For all woollen dress goods or fancy cloths, this is an excellent design, as it may appropriately complete a costume made in tailor style; while it is also adapted to silks, and most kinds of suit goods. "Kursheedt's Standard" diagonal tinsel or Titan braid may be used as a garniture, or any flat trimming that is preferred. A medium size will require three yards and three-eighths of goods twenty-four inches wide. Five yards of wide braid and five yards of narrow will be sufficient to trim as illustrated. This is shown elsewhere in combination with the "Ednetta" skirt. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each.

CHILDREN'S COSTUMES

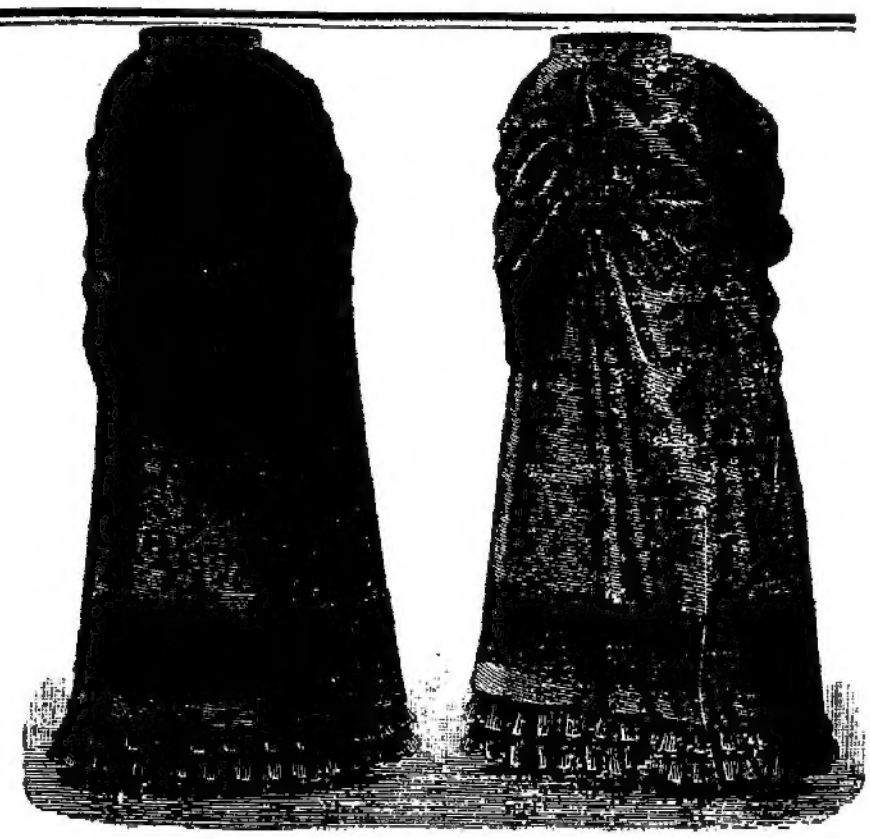
FIG 1.—This shows the "Artea" dress made in a combination of velveteen, surah and blue and white plaid woollen goods, The jaunty blue velveteen jacket opens over a full vest of blue surah, which is placed on the front of the half-loose sacque shaped dress. The jacket is very much cut away in front, and the side and back seams are closed only as far as the waist line, so that the sash, which is of surah, matching the vest, is visible at the openings at the back of the jacket. The plaiting, which is attached to the bottom of the dress give the necessary length. The double illustration is given among the separate fashions. The picturesque little "Tam o' Shanter" hat is blue velveteen, and is a stylish completion o the costume. Patterns of the dress in sizes for from two to six years. Price twenty cents each. Cap patterns in sizes for from four to eight years. Price ten cents each.

FIG. 2.—The "Thekla" coat will be an acceptable design, as it is practical and generally becoming to little girls. It is illustrated made in fancy woollen cloaking showing a mixture of red and blue and a Moliere vest, a rolling collar, cuffs and a belt of dark blue velvet. This is also illustrated elsewhere. The jaunty blue velvet hat worn with this cloak has the brim turned up sharply back and front, with a cluster of birds resting against the crown and a single one placed inside the brim in front. Patterns of the cloak in sizes for from six to ten years. Price twenty-five cents each



ALLIETTE POLONAISE

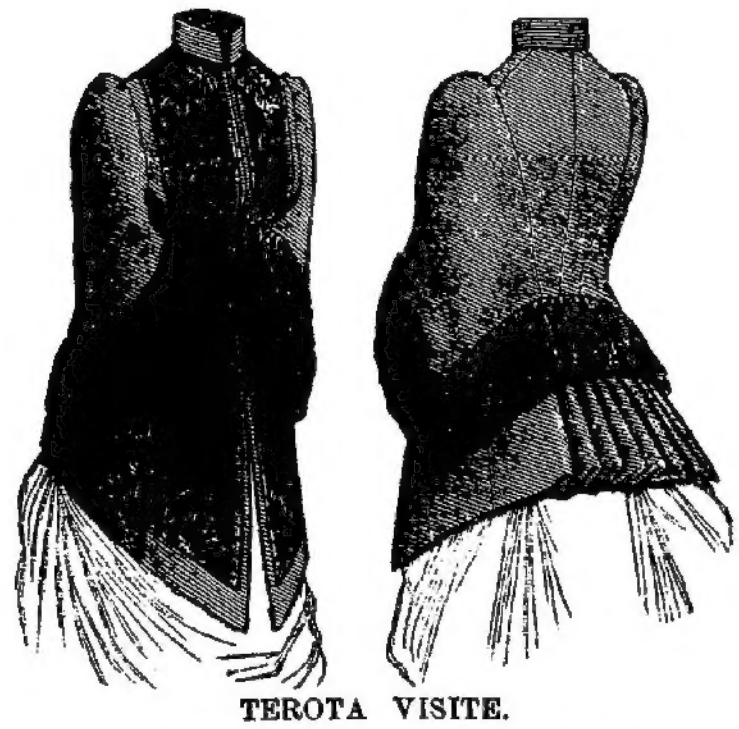
The effect of this polonaise is particularly graceful. It is tight-fitting, with two darts in each front in the usual places and one under the arm in place of a separate side gore; but the side forms are cut short and the back pieces extend a little below the waist and are turned under, forming a bouffant drapery at the top of the added skirt-piece, which falls long. Varieties of dress materials, both silk and woollen, make up nicely after this design, and lace, fringe, velvet bands, passementerie, or any flat trimming makes a pretty garniture, although care should be taken to have the trimming in harmony with the goods selected. A medium size will require seven yards and one-half of goods twenty-four inches wide. Three-quarters of a yard of velvet will be sufficient for the revers, collar and cuffs. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



EDNETTA SKIRT.

For cloth and all plain and fancy suitings this is an excellent design, and it is also suitable for some kinds of washable materials. The foundation skirt is trimmed with two narrow platings, and is concealed by a plain drapery in front, at the top of which is a short draped apron looped high at the sides, while the back drapery is long and full, the upper part being draped in a graceful and somewhat bouffant manner. The garniture may be braid, bias folds or machine stitching on suitings, but other trimming can be chosed to correspond with the material used.

Nine yards and five-eighths of goods twenty-four inches wide will be sufficient to make this skirt, and four yards and three-quarters of lining will be required for the foundation skirt. Four yards and one-eighth of flat trimming will be needed to arrange one plain row as illustrated. This design is illustrated elsewhere in combination with the "Manita" basque. Price of pattern, thirty cents.



TEROTA VISITE.

A simple and graceful wrap, made in brown bison cloth to complete a costume of the same goods, and trimmed with chenille fringe which extends across the back and sleeves, and broad revers of brown velvet on the fronts. The arrangement of the front is shown among the separate fashions, where also is given the quantity of material and trimming required for a medium size. The stylish bonnet which completes the costume is blue velvet, with a coronet covered with gold lace, and trimmed with a blue ostrich feather pompon and a gold-colored aigrette. The pattern of the visite is in two sizes, medium and large. Price twenty-five cents each.

Our Bible Competitions.

List of Winners in Ladies' Journal Competition No. 8.

Closed November 2nd.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Does the word "Hats" appear in the Bible. Ans.—Yes, Dan. 3rd chap., 21st verse.

2. Does the word "Coats" appear in the Bible. Ans.—Yes, Genesis, 3rd chap. 21st verse.

3. Does the word "shoes" appear in the Bible. Ans.—Yes, Exodus 3rd chap. 5th verse.

Reference is also made in several other passages, every one of which is equally correct with the above.

The following persons have answered the above questions correctly and are entitled to the rewards as given below.

FIRST REWARDS.

1, 2 and 3.—Three Square Rosewood Pianos.—1 Miss Jennie R. Rose, Fort St., Detroit, Mich.; 2, A. L. Lallor, St James St. Montreal, Que.; 3, Miss Sarah Murdoch, Halifax, N. S. 4 and 5.—Two Cabinet Organs.—4, Mary Edith Murray, Whitby, Ont.; 5, Laura E. Ware, Hamilton, Ont. 6, 7 and 8.—Three Quadruple Silver Plate Tea Services, six pieces.—6 Mrs. T. R. Rossiter, Toledo, Ohio; 7, Mrs. Sarah Trout, St. John, N. B.; 8, Dallie Parker, Bothwell, Ont. 9, 10, 11 and 12.—Four Ladies' Hunting Case Watches.—9, Mrs. S A. Case, London, Ont.; 10, Barbara E Frazer, Nairn, Ont.; 11 Dora L Moore, Windsor Ont.; 12, J. S. Dixon, Brantford, Ont. 13 to 17.—Five Quadruple Plate Hot Water or Tea Urns,—13, S. S Arthurs, State Street, Chicago, Ill.; 14, A D. Low, Quebec P. O., Que; 15 Annie Rennie, 115 Mutual St., Toronto; 16, Mrs. Frank Stock, Toronto; 17 Miss Sadie Doan, Belleville, Ont. 18 to 30.—Thirteen Ladies' Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches.—18, Mrs. J. B Jones, Toronto, P. O.; 19, Julia Saunders, Paisley, Ont.; 20, M. F. Barclay, Glencoe, Ont.; 21, Daniel Mitchell, Glen Walker; 22, Jane Davis, Exeter P.O., Ont; 23, S. D. Jarvis, York P. O., Ont; 24, Mrs. Amanda Elliott,, Windsor, Ont.; 25 Alex. McDonald, Cheapside, Ont.; 26, R. S. Richards, Winnipeg, Man.; 27, Annie D. Rainy, Winnipeg, Man.; 28, L. C. Dover, London, Ont.; 29, H. C. Hockin, 86 Ontario St. Toronto; 30, Bertha A. Clare, Brandon, Man. 31 to 56.—Twenty-six Quadruple Plate Cruet Stands.—31, Mrs. Fox, Hornby, Ont.; 32, W. T. Tassie, 56½ Front St. E. Toronto; 33, Hattie D. McCann, Boyne, Ont.; 34, Jessie Iler, Cottam, Ont.; 35, Mrs. R. M. Stanley, Galt, Ont.; 36, Mrs. Jas. Craig, 65 Wm. St. London, Ont.; 37, J. D. Fox, Port Hope, Ont.; 38, L. C. Cary, Toronto; 39, Ursala Wingfield, Oshawa; 40, B. F. Justin, Brampton; 41 Geo. J. Bryan, 65 Alexander St., Toronto; 42, Walter Gibson, 9 Wellington E, Toronto; 43, F. C. Bulman, 709 Yonge St, Toronto; 44, C. H. Brent, 64 Gladstone Ave. Toronto; 45, L A. Carter, Halifax, N. S; 46, D. D. Oxley, Montreal Que.; 47, Ernest Waterman, Beaconsfield P. O., Ont.; 48. Enoch Newman, 12 Marlborough Ave. Toronto: 49, Christina Campbell; 523 Sherbourne St., Toronto; 50, Maggie Sinclair, 523 Sherbourne St., Toronto; 51, Carrie Edwards, Cannington, Ont.; 52, F. H. Landor, Port Hope, Ont.; 53, J. S. Arthur, Lindsay P. O. Ont.; 54, J. J. Taylor, Queen West, Toronto; 55, Sarah Carlton, Ottawa, Quebec; 56, S. D. Leigh, Toronto, P. O., Ont.; 57 to 90—Thirty-four quadruple plate cake baskets. 57, Mrs. Thomas Gerry, 291 Little Richmond St., Toronto; 58, Miss E. L. Fowler, 290 Wilton Ave., Toronto; 59, Annie Draisey, 90 John St, Toronto; 60, Angus McKenzie, New Sarnum, Ont.; 61, Mrs. W. L. Conolly, Bank of Toronto, Port Hope, Ont.; 62, Geo. S. Conse, Yarmouth Centre, Ont.; 63, Miss Mary Bell, 100 Market St, Hamilton; 64, Adam Eiler, Baden, Ont.; 65, Hattie J. Smith, Glencoe, Ont.; 66, E. H. Boye, Baden, Ont.; 67, Mary Draisey, 246 Adelaide St. W.. Toronto; 68, Robt. Jordan, St. Catherines; 69, Miss R. Woods, Emerson, Man.; 70, A. L. Lister, Winnipeg. Man.; 71, Robt. James, 327 Queen St. W., Toronto; 72, Carrie Mance, 184 Sumach St., Toronto; 73, E, E. Philips, St. Catherines; 74, O. S. Spencer, 4 Toronto St., Toronto; 75, Lotty Edy, 4 Cartwright St., London; 76, Wm. Garside, 12 Front St. E., Toronto; 77, Jennie J. Stovel, Seneca, Buffalo, N.Y.; 78, Bessie Logan, Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio; 70, Ella Waters, Rochester, N.Y.; 80, D. D, Daniel, Rochester, N.Y., 81, E. C. Clarke. Chatham, P.O., Ont.; 82, Miss N. F. MacNachton, Cobourg; 83 Jessie James, Bowmanville, Ont.; 84, C. B. Whyte. Hamilton; 85, Nellie Young, Bowmanville. Ont.; 86 Jos. Nye, Denville, Ont.; 87, Bertie J. King, Montreal; 88, S. A. Day. Halifax, N. S.; 89, D. S. Darby, St. John, N.B.; 90 Laura Parks, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; 91, Susan Masters, Charlottetown, P.E I.;—92 to 127, thirty seven quadruple plate pickle cruets. 92, Birdie Malatte, 157 Napier St., Hamilton; 93, Bertha Cory, Hamilton; 94, James Maitland. Etora; 95, Justina A. Harrison, 131 Beverly St., Toronto; 96, Florence B. Campbell, cor. Dundas & Talbot Sts., London; 97 CarrieA. Black, London; 98 Jerry B. Beard, Buffalo N.Y.; 99, S R. Days, Buffalo, N.Y.: 100, D. D. Macdonald, Syracuse, N.Y.; 101, Sarah A McLean, Rochester, N.Y.; 102, L. D. Ritchie, Albany, N.Y.; 103. A. M. Logan, Albany, N. Y.; 104 Daisy Ross, Detroit, Mich.; 105, David Rositer, Toledo, Ohio; 106, Maggie Bickford, Toronto P.O.; 107 Mary A Barnes, Toledo, Ohio; 108 Mamie Thorne, Toledo, Ohio; 109, J. J. Sanders, Detroit, Mich.; 110, Joseph Rice, Jackson, Mich.; 111, B. B. Oyer, Chicago, Ills.; 112, S. H. Jarvis, Brantford, P.O.; 113, T. C. Morehouse, Brantford P.O.; 114, J. D. Fearman, St. Catherines; 115, L. Arman, St. Thomas P.O.; 116, D. Boyd, St. Thomas P.O.; 117, S M. Sinclair, St. Thomas; 118, Geo, H. Darbie, Buffalo, N. Y.; 119, D. M. Tinnies, Pittsburg, Pa.; 120, S. Daly, Pittsburg, Pa.; 121, Nettie Kennedy, Cobourg; 122, Louise B. Alexander, Lindsay; 123, W. Martindale, Alliston; 124, R. B. Andrew, Bowmanville; 125, Venney Bryant, Bowmanville; 126, Hannah Wilson, Kincardine; 127, C. Swaiyze, Welland. 128 to 279—One hundred and fifty-two Rolled Gold brooches. 128, W. Jameson, Moorefield, Ont.: 129; A. Grigg, Hamilton, Ont.; 130, C. C. Taylor, 21 Alexander st., Toronto; 131, Mary Breckenridge, Baden. Ont.; 132, Agnes Liersch, Baden, Ont.; 133, Edw. L. Liersch, Baden, Ont.; 134, E. Whitmore, Caledonia; 135, Mary A. Dent, 330, Young st., Toronto;, 136, Minnie Sharpe, 335 Front st., Toronto; 137, Maggie Armstrong, Goderich; 138, A. Goble, Amberly, Ont.; 139, Ada Hall, No, 5 Victoria st.; 140, Henry Crandon; Wiarton; 141, Miss Paul Powell, Kinlough; 142, Annie E. Miller, Barrie; 143, John W. Ross, Annan; 144, Kate Macqueen, Woodstock; 145, M. A. Phillips, 177 Bellwoods ave., Toronto; 146, E. W. Crosby, 188 Chennoville st., Montreal; 147, E. Campbell, Richmond Hill; 148, Grace Coombe, Broadview ave., Toronto; 149, Minnie Marshall, Clinton; 150, Lizzie McClung, Listowel; 151, Eva H. Dyre, Mewboro; 152, Lizzie Silmon, 160 Fulford st., Montreal; 153, W. S. Dowker, 160 Fulford st., Montreal; 154, Mrs. Andrew Robbins, St. Catherines; 155, Katie J. Douglas, St. Thomas; 156, W. H. Erbach, Baden, Ont.; 157, Miss Eva Davis, Fonthill; 158, Mrs. Eliza Grady, 85, Sumach st., Toronto; 159, A R, Tufts, 871 Central Ave., London; 160, Hiram Johnson, Montreal; 161, Minnie Aibbald, Hornby, Ont.; 162, John S. Westcott, Gamebridge, Ont.; 163, Mrs. Geo. Farlinger, Cornwall, Ont.; 164, Mrs. Longmoore, Kleinburg, Ont.; 165, W. P. Grierson, Dungannon, Ont.; 166, Mary Labatt, Prescott; 167, C. A. Devine, Lancaster; 168, Maud McWilliams, Lancaster; 169, Mrs. H. McEwan, Lunenberg; 170, Ida C. M. Blair, Madoc; 171, Mrs. Thos. Jamieson, Picton; 172, J. B. Rankin, Chatham; 173, T. W. McKay, Oshawa; 174, James Baker, Petrolia; 175, Ella Gingrich, Paris, Ont.; 176, Mrs. S. German, Owen Sound; 177, Annie E. Damp, 434 Church st., Toronto; 178, Mrs. W. Hymers, Uxbridge; 179, Lizzie McClelland, Cannington; 180, L. Fear, 440, King st., London; 181, Nancy Baillie, 82 Merrick st., Hamilton; 182, Agnes McAdoe, Pine st., Belleville; 183, Fred. R. Belfoy. 34 McDonnel Square, Toronto; 184, J. Galloway, Jr., Kingston; 185, Jennie Galloway. 84 Princess st., Kingston; 186, Mrs. C. McLellan, G. T. R. Stratford; 187, Mrs. Clegg, Thamesford; 188, Mrs. W. D. Dyer. Belleville; 189, Laura Ryan, 514 Maitland st., London; 190, Mrs. G. A. Fraser, Westmeath; 191, J. T. Hodson, 57 Oxford st., Toronto; 192, Jessie Gilmour, New England, Almonte; 193, Mrs, Wm. Tytler, 776 Colborne st., London; 194, R. Jamieson, Perth, Ont.; 195, M. Findlay, Oakville; 196, W. L. Allen, Phelpstone, Ont.; 197, W. H Falconer, Credit, Ont.; 198, Mrs. Wm McEwan, 83 Elizabeth st, London East.; 199, Mrs Chas. Colman, Port Hope; 200, James Kent, Fairfield Plains, Ont.; 201, Mrs. Jno. Feir, Cobourg; 202, Mrs. H. D. Morehouse, 74 Gerrard st. E., Toronto; 203, Nettie Bell, Cobourg; 204, Mrs. J. Lockhart, Holyrood; 205, W Aldridge, 7 Ferguson Ave., Hamilton; 206, Minnie Stoddart, Woodville; 207, W. M. Chandler, 60, Berkeley st., Toronto; 208, R. M. Bateman, Pt. Perry; 209, Amelia Pulford, Amherstburg; 210, Flora McKeon, Cannington; 211, Jno. Sinclair, Stayner; 212, J. T. Cokes, 217 Sumach st., Toronto; 213, Mattie Arley, Ingersoll; 214, Mrs. Scott, 30 St. Lawrence st., Toronto; 215, Betsey Brown, Pine Orchard, Ont.; 216, A. W. Bigelow, Lindsay; 217, W. Purner, Jr., Queensville, Ont.; 218, D McNaughton, Cobourg; 219, Helen N. Brown, Newmarket; 220, Emma E. Oakley, 99 Hope St., Toronto; 221, Mrs Lizzie L. Thomas, Niagara Falls; 222, Mrs. C. Martin, 150 Oak St., Toronto; 223, F. Perrin, 193 Simcoe St. London; 224, Mrs. E. A. MacNachtan, Cobourg; 225, T. Francis Lyall, 178 King St., Hamilton; 226, Harry J. Page, 111 Duchess St., Toronto; 227, Annie Gaul, 15 Dunn Ave, Parkdale; 228, Mrs. Jas. Philps, Newcastle; 229, G. T. Daywood, 706 Colborne St., London; 230, Sarah J. Newton, York, Ont.; 231, Laura Garvin, London; 232, Dora Aitkin London; 233, Olive Watford, Bruce St., London; 234, Mary C. Hunter, Newcastle; 235, Jessie McNaughton, Newcastle; 236, A. Lake, Port Hope; 237, D. S. Dixon, Belleville; 238, L. R. Gory, Montreal; 239, J. S. Banks, Berlin; 240. Annie M. Henry, Waterloo; 241, Maggie Foster, 38 George St., Hamilton; 242, Mrs. Thos. Wark, Cobourg; 243, Mrs. A. Black, Orillia; 244, J. D. Ross, Brantford; 245, L. R. Maclean, Brantford; 246, Jennie Price, Newburgh; 247, Maria J. McNaughton, Cobourg; 248, Carrie L. Back, St. Catharines; 249, Mrs. Chas. Herrington, 221 Wilton Ave. Toronto; 250, Esther Kinster, Ruscom Sta. Ont.; 251, A. Hunter, 52 James St., N., Hamilton; 252, Miss Mary Rudford, 1428 St., Catherine St., Montreal; 253, Mrs. R. Moule, 51, English St., London East; 254, Laura Tilley, 52 Lumley St., Toronto; 255, Flo Foster, Waterford; 256, W. H. Gourlie, 11 Bellevue Place, Toronto; 257, Hen-

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New Coloured Dress Goods in bronze, navy, myrtle, seal and garnet, 10c. per yard, worth 15c.

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Barr, 5 St. Joseph St., Toronto; 281, Isabella Hilliar, Osgoode Hall, Toronto; 282, Mrs W. H. Hall, Markham; 283, A. Ada Webster, Guelph; 284, Mrs. Ed. Emery, Niagara Falls; 285, Sara Kerr, 81 Wellington N. Hamilton; 286, Mary Morrison, Baden; 287, Geo. Adams, Belleville; 288, Mrs. H. K. Falkner, 50 King St., Parkdale; 289, Jack Labatt, Prescot; 290, Eliza Livingston, Dundas; 291, M. J. Brown, Dundas; 292, Sarah Newport, Whitby; 293, Mrs. Jas. Florson, 28 Boswell Ave., Toronto; 294, Mrs. E. J. Campbell, 37 Kent St. Rochester, N. Y., 295, Jno. Harrower, Watford; 296, Mrs. J. Henshaw, 57 Victoria St. Montreal; 297, Jean Phemister, Niagara Falls 298, Mrs. Eliza Ann Leflar, Brampton 299, R. W. Kemp, Grimsby; 300, W. W Weston, 79½ King W., Toronto; 301,; Mary Goodfellow, 15 Taylor St., Toronto; 302 J. Barclay, 33 D'Arcy St., Toronto, 302 Miss Mary B. Murray, Tiverton; 304, A. M. Cleland, 19 Reid St., Toronto; 305, A. Jackson. 107 South St, Jackson; 309 Annie A. Woods, 68 Markam St., Toronto; 307, Arct. DuBuc, Goderich; 303 Kate Robertson, Southampton; 309, Mrs. W. J. Sparle, H. C. Office, Montreal; 310, M. R N Monsanat, Bank of Montreal, Montreal; 311, Mrs. John Gaunger, 511 Lagauchetiere St., Montreal; 312, Bessi Purchase, 169 Lumley St., Toronto; 313, Miss B. C. Scott, 15½ Berthelot St.; Montreal; 314, Emma Hales, Markham 315, Mabel Hay, 283 Ontario St., Montreal; 316, Mrs. John Leary, Gormley; 317, Mrs. John Coake, 811 Ontario St., Montreal; 318, Mrs. Penam, 15 Dunn Ave., Parkdale; 319, Mrs. Jas. Amsley, 38 Young St, Montreal; 320, Mrs. E. H. DeSeer, 34 McDonnell's Sqr., Toronto; 321, Alice Riddle, 87 Campeau St., Montreal; 322, E. A. Hemming, Ottawa; 323, Mrs. C. A. Smith 262 Maple St., Toronto; 324, Mrs. Richd. Young, Turtle Lake, Ont.; 325, Mary McCulloch, St. Joseph St., Toronto; 326, W. H. Sheppard, 34 McDonald St., Toronto; 327, Robt. N. Duff, Bluevale, Ont.; 328, A. C. Macintyre, Stayner; 329, Ed. Holm, St. George; 330, Viola Hunt, Birmingham, Ont.; 331, Geo. M. Freeman, 150 Dundas St.; 332, Mrs. W. Small, Colborne St., Kingston; 333, John H. C. Durham; cor. Bond & Queen, City; 334, Mrs. J. J. Nelson, 4 Armstrong Ave., Toronto; 335, W. R. Smith, Chambers, Ont.; 336, J. J. Hoidge, Woodbridge; 337, Minnie Leslie, Prescott; 338, Mrs. Jas. Steuart, Sullivan; 339, Thomas Bradley, Newmarket; 340, W. Statilschmidt, Preston; 341, Andrew Murdock, Hespler; 342 E. M. Wiley, Kingston; 343, W. M. Baldwin, Orillia; 344, Mrs. A. F. Murdock, Hespeler; 345, Jos. Mather, Stony Point; 346, Miss H. Martin, Cayuga; 347, M. C. Evans, 92 Yorkville Ave., Toronto; 348, W. Arnold, 119 Gerrard St. E., Toronto; 349, Miss Fuller, Lansing; 350, A. H. Johnson, Collingwood; 351, Mary Jinkins, 26 Borden, Toronto; 352, A. E. Cornwall, Brockville; 353, Mrs. J. C. Callard, 53 Oxford St., Toronto; 354. Mrs. S. R. 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The list of winners in the MIDDLE and CONSOLATION REWARDS will be given in the next two issues.

Mr. T. C. Berchard, public school teacher, Norland, writes: "During the fall of 1881 I was much troubled with Biliousness and Dyspepsia, and part of the time was unable to attend to the duties of my profession. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspepsia Cure was recommended to me, and I have much pleasure in stating that I was entirely cured by using one bottle. I have not had an attack of my old complaint since, and have gained fifteen pounds in weight."

The "common-sense" shoe for walking is an established fact. This season the toes are slightly rounded at the corners, but the heels are seldom over three-quarters of an inch in height.

There are few influences more detrimental to health than a Constipated State of the Bowels. Burdock Blood Bitters speedily cure Constipation.

A novel fancy in bonnet trimming is to put rosettes, bows, bands, and choux of pinked cloth on felt or cloth bonnets. This makes a lady's bonnet look like a big penwiper, but its originality is received with favor.

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use.

Light silk jerseys for evening wear have a velvet plastron embroidered with silk and gold. The high collar on the corsage and parements on the elbow sleeves are also of velvet, covered with gold and silk embroidery.

Mr. Isaac Brown, of Bothwell, says that one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters did him more good, for a bad case of Salt Rheum, than $500 worth of other medicine.

FIRST RELIEF, ULTIMATELY A CURE. These are the successive effects of one in the most deservedly popular remedies of the Dominion, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which reforms an irregular condition of the bowels and liver, invigorates the stomach, renews digestion, and changes the current of the blood from a sluggish and turbid into a pure, rapid, and fertilizing stream.

Silk serge is the fashionable stuff for children's fall dresses.

STAR CEMENT.—Unites and repairs everything as good as new. Glass, china, stone, earthnware, ivory, wood and leather, pipes sticks and precious stones, plates, mugs, jars lamp glasses, chimney ornaments, Picture Frames, Jewellry, trinkets, toys, etc.

Embroidery appears on every kind of fabric and all sorts of garments.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?—If so, you can testify to its marvellous power of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs Magic Relief, the grand specific for all summe complaints, diarrhœa, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and bowel complaint

Changeable hosiery is among the novelties. Blue and gold, bronze and red, and red and blue are favorite combinations.

For worms in children, be sure and inquir for Hiltzer's Vermifuge Candy. The genuin article bears the signature of the proprietor on each box. ☞ The public are respectfully informed that the Vermifuge Candy can be purchased of the principal druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

Square, flat, and low shapes are preferred for new tea, breakfast, and coffee sets, whether of silver, porcelain, or delft.

A RUN FOR LIFE.—Sixteen miles were covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be so far from a drug-store without it.

A Moliere plastron of real Valenciennes lace and white crepe de chine, costing $150, was recently made for a New York lady.

Many sink into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough which could be easily stopped in time by the use of a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr, Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup.

Visiting, driving, walking, and evening wraps have each a distinct character this season, but there is a huge variety of each kind.

A FAMILY MEDICINE.—Over ten thousand boxes of Briggs' Life Pills are sold yearly in the Dominion of Canada, which is the best guarantee of their quality and the estimation in which they are held as a family medicine.

Originality, inequality, and variety, no two things in dresses, wraps, bonnets, or stuffs alike, are the dogmas of dress this fall and winter.

SORE EYES.—The Golden Eye Salve is one of the best articles now in the market for sore or inflamed eyes, weakness of sight, and granulation of the lids.

Little girls' hats and bonnets are not so large as those of last winter. The pointed fishwife poke and the turban are the favorite shapes.

BRIGGS' GENUINE ELECTRIC OIL.—Electricity feeds the brain and muscles; in a word it is nature's food. The Electric Oil possesses all the qualities that it is possible to combine in a medicine, thereby giving it a wide range of application, as an internal and external remedy, for man and beast. The happiest results follow its use, and in nervous diseases, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, and kindred diseases it has no equal.

The newest thing in brass ash receivers for smokers' use is a concave crescent, with the profile of the man in the moon forming the inner edge.

What makes me laugh when others sigh?
No tears can e'er bedew mine eye
It is because I always buy—Briggs' Life Pills

The full empire puffed sleeve, reaching from the shoulder to below the elbow, terminating there in a deep frill, has been revived in Paris.

What is it makes me hale and stout,
And all my friends can't make it out,
I really could not live without—Brigg Life Pills.

Bronze, the exact color of a bronze kid slipper, is the new color in hosiery. Bronze slippers and stockings exactly matching will be the favorite footwear for dressy occasions.

So if you're sad, or grieved, or ill,
Pray, do not pay a doctor's bill,
But take a dose of—Briggs' Life Pills.

The Ladies' Journal

Devoted to Literature, Fashion, &c.

DECEMBER, 1884.

Printed and published by S. FRANK WILSON, 33 and 35 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto, Ontario.

OUR PATTERNS.

Any pattern illustrated in these pages can be obtained by addressing S. FRANK WILSON, Publisher, 33 & 35 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Always remit price of pattern with order, please.

ILLUSTRATED DESIGNS.

This present number will be found rich in designs for very stylish new cloaks and jackets, to which we call special attention The fashionable cloaks of the present season are composed of the richest materials, and many of them have a double effect—that is to say, the outside fronts are closed or nearly so, over inside fronts, which are plain or plaited according to the weight of the materials, and the size, or it might be said weight, of the wearer The "Ursula" is an example of the double cloak. The inner fronts of this cload are of velvet lined with quilted satin, the outer cloak of rich Ottoman silk, trimmed with a broad band of black cock's feathers. The front has somewhat the effect of the circular, but the fitted shoulder piece forms a sort of sleeve, and the outer front protects the arms. The back is fitted in below the waist line, where it is held by an interior ribbon which ties in front, the fulness falling in a double inverted plait. Of course the style may be varied, and the combination of materials changed. The outside may be of brocaded silk or velvet; the inside plain satin, plaited, or plain plush, or velvet, or the outside may be silk plush, which has a very rich effect, whether plain or embossed, and the inside Ottoman satin, enriched with applique or crochet ornaments.

The "Alexandra" redingote is more youthful than the "Ursula" and available for a less expensive class of fabrics. It may be made in plain or twilled cloth, in tricot or diagonal, in a heather mixture for a "beaver," with furred undersides. It is perfectly fitted to the waist and over the hips, the fullness falling in graceful folds behind, and the front laid in plaits formed of a different material—gros-grain, satin merveilleux, or the like, the bordering of fur or feather trimming as preferred.

The "Euthalia" visite is a very dressy garment, half dolman, half visite, which may be used for carriage or visiting purposes. It is made in brocaded velvet, the design one of those peculiar cone-shaped fruit patterns, which have had a great success of late. These figures look like perfect pineapples in miniature, and the lower part of the elaborate ornamentation upon the back like one of the early crustacean formations with antenæ extended. The fringe s triple-rowed, and the strands, composed of chenille, have a bead upon the point of each one. They are also peculiar in being leech-shaped, and for this reason it is called "leech" fringe, its soft and yielding character adapting it specially to the work of decoration. The lining is quilted satin, matching or forming a contrast as preferred.

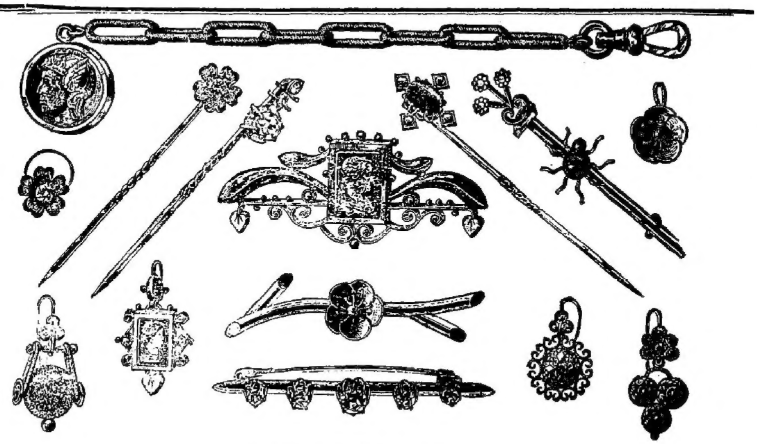
The "Polaris" jacket is plain, depending upon its stylish cut and its finish for its beauty. It is the proper pattern for plush, sealskin, seal plush, rough beaver, Astrakhan cloth, velvet, beaver, tufted cloth, and other heavy cloths for winter outdoor wear. It is double-breasted, with a rolling collar, and ornaments across the front by which the fastening is effected. There is no stitching upon the edge, only a lining of quilted satin, or an interior facing of satin, into which is stitched a cord or tailor's fold of satin, important in protecting the edge if the material is velvet or seal plush. The deep cuffs are put on with the cords, and the pockets are interior, the one for the handkerchief placed on at the left of the skirt, and formed of a square of thinly quilted satin.

The "Torota" visite is a dressy design or light-colored cloths, *ecru* for example, combined with seal-brown velvet or plush, embroidered or trimmed with a very soft rich fringes. The embroidered laces are executed in shaded beads (*ecru* to brown), outlined with chenille, and the shading is repeated in the strands of the chenille. The lining or facing is *ecru* satin, and the garment is a charming one for a climate where a light and effective wrap is required more than one that is remarkable for weight and warmth.

A charming house or school costume, illustrated in the present number, is called the "Dorothy." The skirt is full, and consists of a hem and two wide tucks shirred at the top, where it is attached to the band. The waist is quite plain, as are the sleeves, and only a bow with wide ends is tied at the back. The style is eminently adapted to thin woollens, plain mousseline-de-laine, albatross cloth, and the like. It may also be used for washable materials, for twilled foulards, and for the crinkled India stuffs, which fall into easy folds and show nothing of bulk.

The "Ednet a" skirt is a very nice design for cloth, India camel's hair, or wool of any kind. The narrow plaiting round the bottom may be of silk, wool, or velvet, the braid, "Kursheedt's Standard," either plain Titan, diagonal tinsel, or plain tinsel, or a wide single band, or a wide band of the heavy tufted or Astrakhan looped wool. The front has an apron laid in folds, the back is draped and raised at the sides so as to form divided puffs, moderately bouffant, and falling straight, and even with the front to the skirt below, A very pretty and becoming basque, the "Manita," may accompany it, and complete the costume.

The "Ailette" polonaise is a stylish model, and may be used for velvet figured materials over a plain, plaited or flounced skirt of velvet or velveteen. It is tight-fitting, cut smoothly over the hips, and has a basque back. The revers and ornamental bows are of velvet, and the ground shade should be of a different shade of the color of the velvet embossed or tapestried figure.



JEWELLERY FOR LADIES.

No. 1.—Lady's fob chain in "rolled" gold. The oblong links are of fretted Roman gold, and the pendant has one sunken side in Roman gold on which is raised antique head in copper and green gold, and the reverse has a solid gold surface, nicely engraved, with a space left for initials. The entire length of the chain is shown, Price, $3.75.

No. 2.—Exceptionally pretty pin and ear-rings, in solid gold, that can be worn as a set or separately. The design is a royal rose, the edges of the petals polished, and the remainder "picked out" to form a rough surface, and in the centre of each is set a pure white stone that can hardly be distinguished from a genuine diamond. The ear-rings are to be worn in the same manner as the screw knobs, but are an improvement on that style, as they have a spiral at the back like a gentleman's shirt stud, that does not show from the front, but renders them quite secure. Price for the pin, $2.75; for the ear-rings. $3.75 per pair.

No. 3.—Lady's scarf-pin of solid gold, the pendent setting inclosing a brilliant white stone possessing all the brilliancy of a diamond. The entire design is copied from a genuine diamond pin. Price $3.

No. 4.—An exceptionally choice and beautiful set of "rolled" gold, consisting of lace pin and ear rings. It is entirely of highly polished gold, and the design can be easily comprehended from the illustration. The setting supports a genuine crocodolite, or tiger eye, cut in cameo, a singularly beautiful stone which shades from a dark to a light golden brown, and at either side of this is a small pearl. The earrings match in design, and the wires are of solid gold. Price, $6.75 for the set.

No. 5.—A scarf pin in solid gold, suitable either for a lady or gentleman. The setting consists of an exceptionally fine crocidolite or tiger eye, mounted in crown setting, and set low around it are four turquoises. Price, $4.75.

No. 6.—An odd and pretty lace pin in "rolled" gold. On the surface of the polished gold bar rests a spider, the body and head represented by rubies, and the legs by gold wires. The arrangement at the end is in knife-edge gold, and the prongs support three daisies in solid gold Price, $4.75.

No. 7.—A charming set in "rolled" gold. The design of the pin is a natural looking butter cup in satin-finished gold, the stamens of gold wire tipped with tiny balls and surrounding a turquoise in the centre, and this rests on a branch of polished gold. The ear-rings are simple buttercups, and the wires are solid gold. Price for the pin, $2; for the earrings, $2.25.

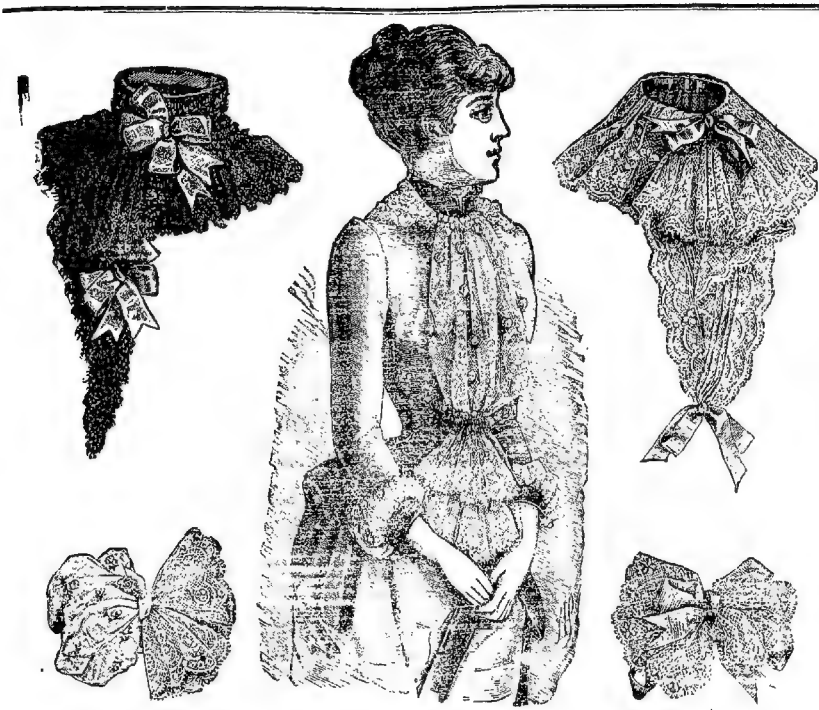
No. 8.—Novel ear-drops of "rolled" gold, the ball resting between the cords of filigree that are suspended from a cross bar which swings in a ring. The outer side of the large ball is covered with an exceedingly fine beading, composed o minute particles of gold, giving it a rough surface, but the inner side is of dull Roman gold. The smaller ball is of Roman gold, with a satin finish. The wires are solid gold. Price, $2 per pair.

No. 9.—A uniqe lace pin in "rolled" gold, the design a dull knife-edge of polished gold widening at the back. On the sharpest part are ranged five pure white stones in high crown setting, which are so brilliant as to be hardly distinguished from genuine diamonds. Price, $2.50.

No. 10.—Fancy filigree ear-ring in "rolled" gold, the ball being set in a framework of twisted filigree, and the outer surface ornamented with polished gold blocks cut in diamond shape. The inner side of the ball is in dull Roman gold, and the wire from which it swings is of solid gold. Price, $2.50 per pair.

No. 11.—A beautiful "rolled" gold ear-ring, the outer surface covered with filigree, and in the centre of each of the two upper balls a turquoise, while a small pearl is set in the middle of the lower one. The inner surface of these balls is of Roman gold, and they swing from a pretty ornament covered with filigree. The wires are solid gold. Price, $2.50 per pair.

All these goods are of first-class material and workmanship, and many of the designs in "rolled" gold are facsimiles of those made in solid gold.



DRESSY LINGERIE.

No 1.—Black Portuguese lace—a combination of Spanish with Chantilly—is used to make this stylish collar and jabot. A standing colar of yellow surah, against which is a standing row of the lace, fits the neck closely, and below this is a deep fall of the lace, shirred at the top. The full part of the jabot is made of net to match, bordered with narrow lace that is continued in a pointed shape to the waist line. Bows of yellow ribbon are placed at the neck and half way down the jabot, for which any other preferred color may be substituted. Price, $5.75.

No. 2.—A beautiful Oriental lace collar and plastron. The ribbon forms a band around the neck, upon the upper edge of which the deep lace is plaited. The plastron is wide, plaited on one side and overlapping the other, and terminates at the waist line with a dainty bow composed of loops and ends of heliotrope ribbon. Any of the beautiful shades of ribbon that are thought becoming may be substituted for the heliotrope. Price, $3.85.

No. 3.—A lovely throat knot of pink *crepe de Chine* embroidered with the same color, combined with Egyptian lace. Either cream or blue can be substituted for the pink. Price, $1.75

No. 4.—A pretty sob, consisting of a jabot and cuffs, made of Oriental lace net ornamented with chenille pendants, and edging to match. The Moliere jabot is shirred at the neck and waist line, and finished with a double border of Oriental lace which falls considerably below the waist. The cuffs are gathered into bands of ruby velvet. This may be worn with a deep collar of lace to match, although it is quite effective when only a lace frill is worn inside the collar. Price, with cuffs, $5.50.

No. 5.—Italian lace and Ottoman satin ribbon, in the shade of green called cresson, are combined in this graceful bow. The lace is arranged in a full bow, and loops and ends of the ribbon are displayed in the centre and under the lace. Any shade of velvet or Ottoman ribbon that is fancied can be used. Price, $1.50.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

—[o]—

FINE GOLD AND SILVER JEWELLERY.
LADIES' AND GENTS' DIAMOND RINGS.
GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,
FRENCH MARBLE AND GILT CLOCKS.
BRONZE STATUETTES AND ORNAMENTS.
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SILVERPLATED, HOLLOW & FLAT WARE, VIZ:
TEA AND COFFEE SETS, SIX PIECES.
FRUIT STANDS, CAKE BASKETS.
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CASTERS, BUTTER DISHES, & ALL THE STAPLES.
SETS OF DESSERT KNIVES AND FORKS, IN CASE.
FISH CARVERS & FISH EATERS, IN CASE, also
DRESSING CASES, (LADIES' AND GENTS')
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PLAIN AND CARVED MEERSCHAUM PIPES.

PHOTO ALBUMS AND FRAMES
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VIOLINS, ACCORDEONS, CONCERTINAS.
WRITING DESKS, WORK BOXES.
GAMES, TOYS & DOLLS OF ALL KINDS.

—[o]—

SMITH & FUDGER.

(WHOLESALE ONLY.)

TORONTO.

(PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.)

Frank Chanfrau, the actor, left a hundred and sixty thousand dollars to his wife.

In a graveyard of Fredericksburg, Virginia, is the grave-stone of Edward Heldon, a pall-bearer of William Shakespeare, as the inscription on the red sandstone slab says.

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UNPARALLELED OFFER!

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DIAMOND SIZE OF CUT. RING MADE TO FIT.

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Genuine Diamond set in solid 15 karat Gold.

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The Good Time Waltz.

From the Operatic Romance of Marina.

By WILLIAM McDONNELL.

THE GOOD TIME WALTZ. S. & Co., 243-2.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year 1884, by Wm. McDONNELL, in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

2

D. S.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

The Lady's Hunting Case Elgin Gold Watch awarded to Emma Sophia James, second daughter of the Editor of the *Statesman*, in the "Ladies' Journal," Bible Competitian, No. 7, as 4th prize for first correct answers, was received by her on Monday last, and is really a handsome watch, and has been admired by all who has seen it. The other prizes won by citizens of Bowmanville arrived on the same day and as far as we have heard gave entire satisfaction. The wonder is that the publisher of the *Ladies' Journal* can afford to give such valuable premiums.—*Bowmanville Statesman.*

STAYNER, Oct. 25th, 1884.

S. FRANK WILSON, ESQ.

SIR,—I have to thank you for the very handsome cake basket won by me, and which has come to hand.

Yours, etc.
JOHN ROSS.

STAYNER, Oct. 27th 1884.

S. FRANK WILSON, ESQ.

DEAR SIR —I beg to thank you for the handsome cake basket won by me in the last competition.

Yours truly,
A. C. MACINTYRE.

KINGSTON, Oct. 28th, 1884.

Brooch received yesterday morning. Many thanks. We, like many others, do not see how you can afford to give so many elegant and costly gifts. The JOURNAL alone, is well worth the money.

Yours etc.
E. WILSON.

A correspondent who desires to be unknown writes as follows:

Oct. 27, 1884.

EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL.

SIR.—I am in receipt of the "World's Cyclopedia," and am very much pleased with it. Thanking you for the book and the promptness with which it was sent.

PORT HOPE, Sept. 13th, 1884.

EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR —I received by express the handsome walnut clock which I was fortunate enough to win in Competition No 6. I am very much pleased with it, accept my sincere thanks.

Yours truly,
MISS B. WEBSTER.

GREENSVILLE, Sept. 19th, 1884.

EDITOR LADIES JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR.—The clock awarded me in LADIES' JOURNAL Competition No. 6, in the middle rewards, came by express all safe and sound; it is a beautiful prize, it works well and is a good timekeeper, accept my thanks.

Yours truly,
WALTER FORSTER

UXBRIDGE, Oct. 14th, 1884.

To the EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,—Please accept my thanks for the beautiful present which was duly received. It has far exceeded any expectation of mine, and any who have seen it think it lovely.

With thanks,
I remain,
MARY P. MCCULLOUGH.

HAMILTON, Oct 11th, 1884.

S. FRANK WILSON, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of prize No. 23, a Silver-Plated Ice Pitcher, awarded to me in connection with LADIES' JOURNAL Competition, No 7. It is without doubt very handsome and first class, and in every way fully up to its description. I am indeed highly pleased with it, and everyone to whom it has been shown praises its beautiful design and workmanship. In addition to this, the prompt delivery of the prize speaks volumes in favor of the sound business-like manner and integrity in which these Competitions are conducted. How you can afford to give away prizes of the superior quality and value of the Ice-Pitcher, the receipt of which I have acknowledged, is one of those things "no fellow can understand," more especially when it is considered that the LADIES' JOURNAL itself is full value in every respect for the subscription. Thanking you very much.

I am, Yours truly,
ERNEST GRIGG.

I concur in all the above while thanking you for prize No 24 in same Competition—a coin silver lady's watch with which I am highly pleased.

A. K. GRIGG.

S.

LISTOWEL, Oct. 20th, 1884.

F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—I received on Saturday last the gold brooch which I gained in Bible Competition No. 7, Lady's Journal.

Yours Respectfully
J. MACKENZIE,
P. O. Box 44, Listowel Ont

MONTREAL, Oct. 20th, 1884.

S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR.—Received the Cyclopædia all safe. Much pleased. The book contains a wonderful amount of information and will doubtless be a source of instruction and profit to us. Many thanks.

Yours truly,
J. S. CORNER,
M. W. CORNER.

MOOREFIELD, Ont., Oct. 18th 1884.

S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge with thanks, the receipt of a very handsome rolled gold brooch, won in Bible Competition No. 7 in first rewards. Wishing you continued success, I remain,

Faithfully yours,
WILLIAM JAMIESON.

LONDON, Oct. 16th, 1884.

EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL.

DEAR SIRS,—Received the Cyclopædia awarded me in Competition No. 7. Accept my sincere thanks. It is a splendid book.

Am well pleased with Ladies' Journal and TRUTH, both are well worth the subscription. Wishing you success.

I remain, yours. etc.,
A. R. TUFTS.

G.T.R., Stratford Ont.
Oct. 15th 1884.

S. FRANK WILSON, ESQ.

SIR,—I received yesterday per Mr. K. (as I requested) a very handsome Silver Ice Pitcher, being prize No. 20 in LADIES JOURNAL, Bible Competition No. 7. All who have seen it admire it exceedingly. With many thanks for so beautiful a prize believe me,

Yours truly,
A. MCLELLAN.

OSHAWA, Oct. 18th, 1884.

S. FRANK WILSON, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—I received cruet stand awarded me in Competition No. 7, and am highly pleased with it.

Yours truly,
WALTER H. WIGG.

OSHAWA, Oct. 18th, 1884.

S. FRANK WILSON.

DEAR SIR.— Mrs. Wigg returns thanks to you for silver cake basket received as prize in LADIES' JOURNAL Competition No. 7, and is well pleased with it.

Yours truly,
W. H. WIGG.

114 Nazareth St.
MONTREAL, 21st Oct., 1884.

MR. S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you on my father's and my own behalf for the prizes we were fortunate enough to win in the last competition, two volumes of "World's Cyclopedia." They are very useful and interesting books. Hoping you may have the success which your liberality deserves.

Yours respectfully,
SUSAN MASTERTON.

BOWMANVILLE, Oct. 23rd, 1884.

MR. S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—Please to accept my thanks for the beautiful Cake Basket awarded me in the LADIES' JOURNAL Competition No. 7, which has been admired by all who have seen it, and as for myself I am so well pleased that I will show it by trying again.

Yours truly,
W. E. PITHICKS.

TORONTO, Oct. 24th, 1884.

MR. S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a very handsome water jug as a prize awarded to me by your paper in Competition No. 12. I was greatly surprised to receive so valuable a prize and one of such taste and beauty.

Yours truly,
F. J. JOSEPH.

Hon. John G. Gooderich, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes in terms of highest praise regarding Burdock Blood Bitters as a medicine used for two years in his family with good results.

Flirts are like fiddles—no good without the beaux.

A. B. Des Rochers, Arthabaskaville, P. Q., writes: "Thirteen years ago I was seized with a severe attack of rheumatism in the head from which I nearly constantly suffered, until after having used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for nine days, bathing the head, &c., when I was completely cured, and have only used half a bottle."

All the glands are secreting organs, of which the Liver is the largest. Regulate the glandular secretions and open the clogged channels of circulation with Burdock Blood Bitters.

Velvet and velveteen casaques in the Louis XV. and Louis XVI. shapes, handsomely trimmed with point de Genoa and Irish crochet laces, are the popular, dressy overgarments of small boys and little girls.

A. D. Noyes, Newark, Michigan, writes: "I have enquired at the drug stores for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, but failed to find it. We brought a bottle with us from Quebec, but it is nearly gone, and we do not want to be without it, as my wife is troubled with a pain in the shoulder, and nothing else gives relief. Can you send us some?

Olive trees do not come into full bearing until after the twentieth year. This accounts for the fact that so many olive branches bear wild oats up to that period.

W. J. Tucker, Manitowaning, says:—"Burdock Blood Bitters is a boon to the afflicted and gives great satisfaction to all who use it." It regulates the Liver, Kidneys, Bowels and Blood.

Up in arms—The squalling infant at midnight.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure, and effectual.

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Why suffer the torments and evils of indigestion when Burdock Blood Bitters will regulate and tone the digestive organs and cure the worst of case of dyspepsia?

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1 Baby Mine.
5 The Old Cabin Home
6 The Little One at Home.
12 See That my Grave is Kept Green.
16 Grandfather's Clock.
18 Where was Moses when the Light Went Out?
24 Sweet By and By.
26 Whoa, Emma.
33 When You and I were Young Maggie.
39 When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home
43 Take This Letter to My Mother.
49 A Medal Love Letter—Comic.
53 Wife's Commandments—Comic.
54 Husband's Commandments.
56 Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane.
63 Marching Through Georgia.
80 Widow in the Cottage by the Sea.
85 The Minstrel Boy.
70 Take Back the Heart.
73 The Faded Coat of Blue.
77 My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night.
84 I'll be all Smiles To-night, Love.
86 Listen to the Mocking Bird.
93 Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still.
94 Sunday Night when the Parlor's Full.
95 The Gypsy's Warning
102 'Tis But a Little Faded Flower.
104 The Girl I Left Behind Me.
108 Little Buttercup.
107 Carry Me Back to Old Virginia.
113 The Old Man's Drunk Again.
118 I Am Waiting, Essie, Dear.
119 Take Me Back to Home and Mother.
120 Come, Sit by My Side, Darling.
121 Kiss Me, Kiss Your Darling.
122 A Flower from Mother's Grave.
124 The Old Log Cabin on the Hill.
130 Coming Through the Rye.
131 Must We, Then, Meet as Strangers.
138 The Kiss Behind the Door.
139 I'll Remember You, Love, in My Prayers.
145 You May Look, but You Mustn't Touch.
150 There's Always a Seat in the Parlor for You.
152 I've no Mother Now, I'm Weeping.
158 Mama's in de Cold, Cold Ground.
159 Say a Kind Word When You Can.
163 I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.
165 Norah O'Neal
167 Waiting My Darling for Thee.
168 Jennie the Flower of Kildare.
170 I'm Lonely Since My Mother Died.
172 Tenting in the Old Camp Grounds.
176 Don't You Go, Tommy Don't Go.
180 Willie, We Have Missed You.
182 Over The Hills to the Poor House,
185 Don't be Angry with Me Darling.
191 Flirtation of the Fan.
194 Why Did She Leave Him?
196 Thou Has Learned to Love Another.
203 There's None Like a Nomer.
204 You Were False, but I'll Forgive.
206 Whisper Softly, Mother's Dying.
218 Will You Love Me When I'm old?
220 Annie Laurie
222 Sherman's March to the Sea
224 Come, Birdie, Come
228 Love Among the Roses.
232 Old Arm Chair, as sung by Barry
239 The Sailor's Grave.
242 Farmer's Daughter, or Chickens in the Garden
243 Oh! Dem Golden Slippers
246 Poor, but a Gentleman Still.
249 Nobody's Darling but Mine
251 Put My Little Shoes away.
252 Darling Nellie Gray.
253 Somebody's Coming When the Dewdrop Fall.
255 Little Brown Jug.
256 Ben Bolt
258 Good Bye, Sweetheart.
259 Eddie Ray.
261 Poor Pat must Emigrate
265 Speak to Me, Speak.
267 Little Nell, of Narragansett Bay.
268 Bell Columbia.
269 Little Footsteps.
270 Tim Finigan's Wake.
272 Scotch Lassie Jean.
273 The Hat My Father Wore.
275 I've Only Been Down to The Club.
276 Dance Me on Your Knee.
277 Kiss Me Again.
279 The Vacant Chair.
280 The Secret Sun by South.
283 Come Home, Father
284 Little Maggie May.
286 Molly Bawn.
287 Maid of Athens.
288 Sally in Our Alley.
289 Poor Old Ned.
292 Man in the Moon is Looking.
295 Broken Down.
300 My Little One's Waiting for Me.
311 I'll Go Back to My Old Love Again.
302 The Butcher Boy.
305 I se Gwine Back to Dixie
307 Tele de Blackwell.
308 Where is My Boy Tonight?

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Our Great Bible Competition No. 9.

During the year ending with September last, we have given a very large and valuable lot of rewards to our subscribers, aggregating an immense amount of money. We are sure that the Pianos, Organs, Gold and Silver Watches, Silver Tea Sets, Books, etc., etc., have given great satisfaction. A good deal of excitement has been caused by the advent of some of these costly prizes into the towns and villages of Canada and the United States. They have been sent to all parts almost, of the two countries, quite a number even going to England, and other distant places. Full lists of the winners are always published in the LADIES' JOURNAL immediately at the close of each competition, names of winners are given in full, together with the street and number, where possible, so inquiry can readily be made by those who are doubtful. There can be, therefore, *no fraud*.

To the fifteen hundred persons who correctly answer the following Bible questions will be given, without extra charge except for freight and packing of goods, beyond the regular half dollar yearly subscription, the beautiful and costly rewards named below. Here are the Bible questions that require to be answered :—

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Where are HORSES first mentioned in the Bible?
2. Where are CATTLE first mentioned in the Bible

They are not very difficult, but require a little study to look them up. So don't delay; the sooner you answer them the better. Here are the list of first rewards. Number one in this list will be given to the sender of *the first correct answer* to those two Bible questions. Number two to the sender of *second correct* answer, and so on till all this series of first rewards are given out.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

1, Six Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin	$ 600
2, One Grand Square Piano, by a celebrated Maker	600
3 and 4.—Two Grand Square Piano	1,000
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7, 8 and 9.—Two Fine Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Services—six pieces, and One Five O'clock Tea Service	300
10 to 15.—Six Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem-winding and stem-setting genuine Elgin Watches	600
to 20.—Five Ladies' Solid Gold stem-winding and stem setting Genuine Elgin Watches	450
to 30.—Ten renowned Williams Singer Sewing Machines	600
to 40.—Ten Gentlemen's Solid Hunting-case or Open-faced, Coin silver Watches	300
to 50.—Ten Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets, elegant design	200
to 100.—Fifty Dozen Sets of Heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons	400
310.—One Hundred and Thirty Elegantly Bound Volumes of Tennyson's Poems	390
to 500.—One Hundred and Ninety well-bound volumes of World's Cyclopedia, a library in itself	670

Then follows a series of *middle rewards*, which will be given in this way: At the close of the competition all the answers received will be counted by three disinterested persons, when to the sender of the middle correct answer (of the whole list) will be given number one of these *middle rewards*. To the next correct answer following the middle one will be given number two, the next correct one number three, and so on till all these middle rewards as enumerated below are given away. Here is the list of

MIDDLE REWARDS.

Seven hundred and fifty Dollars in gold coin	$ 750
and 4. Three magnificent Grand Square Pianos, by a celebrated maker	1,650
and 7. Three Fine-toned Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker	750
8, 9, 10 and 11. Four Ladies' Solid Gold stem winding and stem setting Watches	440
12 to 17. Six elegant quadruple plate Hot Water or Tea Urns	300
18 to 31, Thirteen Elegant, Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns	520
31 to 50 Twenty Elegant Black Cashmere Dress Patterns	210
51 to 60. Ten Pairs Fine Lace Curtains	100
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After these follow the Consolation Rewards, when, to the sender of the very last *correct answer* received *in this competition* will be given *number one* of these Consolation Rewards named below. To the next to the last correct one will be given number two, and so on till all these are given away.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

1.—Five Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin	$ 500
2, 3 and 4.—Three Fine Grand Square Pianos	1,500
5, 6 and 7.—Three elegant Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker	750
8 to 10.—Three Fine Quadruple Plate Tea Services	300
11 to 18.—Eight Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting case genuine stem-winding and stem setting genuine Elgin Watches	800
19 to 29.—Eleven Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns	590
30 to 90.—Forty-one Fine Black Cashmere Dress Patterns	412
91 to 150.—Sixty dozen sets silver-plated Tea Spoons	360
151 to 200.—One hundred and forty elegant rolled gold brooches	560
201 to 400.—One hundred and ten fine silver plated butter knives or sugar spoons	110

Our aim is of course to increase our circulation. We also hope to encourage the study of the Bible, but frankly this part of the plan is not our sole aim. We have lost so much money by dishonest agents, and have spent so much in valuable premiums to encourage them to send large lists, that hereafter we have decided to give all these things *direct* to subscribers, for answering those Bible questions. Be sure to remember that everyone competing must send with their answers fifty cents by post-office order, scrip, or small coin. They therefore pay *nothing extra* for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards as fifty cents is the regular yearly subscription price to the *Journal*. The competition remains open only till *fifteenth February* next, and as long as the letter is post marked where mailed either *on the day of closing (15th February) or anytime between now and then*, it will be in time and eligible to compete. You answer this promptly *now*, and you may doubtless secure one of the *first rewards*. If you answer *any time* between now and fifteenth of February, you may secure one of the middle rewards, and even if you answer on the last day (15th Feb) and you live a good distance from Toronto, fifteen days being allowed after date of closing for letters to reach the office from distant points, you are almost certain to secure one of the consolation rewards. Subscribers who are nearing the end of the term paid for will do well to avail themselves of these great offers at once, as there is a possibility of their securing a piano, organ, gold watch, silver tea set, or some other of the many rewards offered. Address, *Editor of Ladies' Journal*, Toronto, Canada. Don't delay attending to this, but do it *now*, and you will not regret it, you may depend.

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Successful competitors, in applying for their prizes, must, in every case, state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize or e. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of the and trouble. As many of the prize winners omit to send the amount required for postage or packing, when applying for prizes, we deem it necessary to remind them that money should accompany all applications as follows;—sewing machines, $2.00; guns and tea-services, $1.50; baby-carriages and clocks, 50 cents; dress-goods 30 cents; watches, 25 cents; books, spoons, and handkerchiefs, 12 cents; butter knives and pickle forks, 6 cents.

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Sample by mail, 25c; 3 for 50c; 1 doz., $1.50

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MISS RIVERS' REVENGE.

CHAPTER I.

It will simplify matters if I say at once that I am a strange girl. After this confession, you will be more inclined to believe that my story is a true one, and, it may be, condemn my conduct less. If your godfathers and godmothers think fit to give you a strange name, they can scarcely expect you to be exactly the same as other people; and the name some one chose to christen me by is a strange one. "Heritage" is certainly not in common use, although, when one gets accustomed to it, it sounds soft and rather pretty, especially so when coupled with my surname. "Heritage Rivers" is not at all bad.

I am quite sure that in most instances people's natures accomodate themselves to their names. Nearly all the Lucys I have known have been fair and romantic; nearly all the Janes and Susans homely and fond of housekeeping. A girl's career seems often to be settled by her name. So, having no precedent to show me what the owner of the name of Heritage should be like, I always plead it as an excuse for any peculiarities of disposition. Nevertheless, I am not called upon to dissect my mental qualities for the benefit of the inquisitive, so shall only say that one of my chief characteristics is that of being a good hater. I like and respect a good hater. No doubt, it is unchristianlike; but it is so natural. I am not ashamed to say that if people injure me, I don't forget or forgive until I feel I am about even with them. Of course, if any one who had wronged me asked forgiveness, I should forgive freely enough—I don't see how that can be avoided—but I should never be eager to do my enemy a good turn unless I felt quite sure of heaping coals of fire upon his head! Now you know what manner of being I am; and very dreadful the description looks as I write it, so dreadful that I am obliged to comfort myself by thinking of the reverse of the picture—that I can be as true a friend as an enemy.

It is not so many years ago that I, Heritage Rivers, a slim girl of seventeen, left school, and stepped out into the grown-up world to meet what fate awaited me. For the time, my only idea was to enjoy my freedom. It was delightful to think that masters and mistresses were finished and done with forever and aday. So I bade them a glad adieu, and went down into the country to stay with an aunt of mine, and for several weeks revelled in sunshine and liberty. Then, in accordance with a solemn promise, I spent some little time with an old school-friend—one, like myself, just emancipated. Her people lived at Twickenham, in a delicious old house with a large garden. I was made heartily welcome. The mother took me to her heart as her daughter's dearest friend. The father, a courtly gray-haired man, with literary tastes and pursuits, was kindness and politeness itself; while Clara Ramsay's brothers were in an hour my devoted slaves and lovers. Surrounded by such pleasant attentions, I began to realize the fact that I was now a grown-up young lady, not altogether unattractive, and so valued myself accordingly.

As the Ramsays were quiet people and kept little company, an announcement made by Mrs. Ramsay that a dinner-party was projected was sufficient to flutter our hearts. For several days before it took place, we discussed again and again the merits of the guests that were to be present. As Clara knew them all except one, her interest was centered on the probable appearance of this gentleman. As even her mamma did not know him, all information respecting him must be extracted from Mr. Ramsay, whose friend he was. Girls being inquisitive creatures, Clara, at breakfast-time, egged on by me, began her inquiries.

"Who is Mr. Vincent Hope, papa!"

"A friend of mine, my dear. A very clever young man, who will one day, I think, be a most distinguished member of society."

So far as it went, this reply was satisfactory; but we wanted a categorical testimonial, not a general one.

"How will he distinguish himself?" asked Clara.

"He is a rising author—little known as yet; but all that must came."

"O dear!" sighed Clara plaintively; "I know exactly the sort of man. I have seen so many of them here. Of course he wears spectacles?"

"I don't think he does—or if so, I never noticed them," replied Mr. Ramsay.

"You never notice anything you ought to, papa. But he is sure to have a horrid beard—unkempt and uncared for. They all have."

"He has no beard, I fancy," answered Mr. Ramsay meditatively.

"Is he good-looking and nice?" demanded the audacious Clara.

Mr. Ramsay looked much amused at his daughter's question.

"I find him nice," he said. "But what a chit of a girl like you may find him, is another matter—a very small matter. I should think that most people would call him extremely good-looking."

"Is he dark or fair—tall or short!"

"My dear girl, I will answer no more questions about him. Why don't you imitate the discretion of Miss Rivers, who seems free from your failing—curiousity?"

I blushed at such undeserved praise; whilst Clara, to show her opinion of my false pretences, nudged me under the table.

Although Mr. Ramsay would tell us nothing more, we, in our idle moments, which were many, speculated a great deal as to the probable personal appearance of Mr. Vincent Hope. I had a certain right to feel some anxiety about the matter, as I was informed that it would be my lot to be taken in to dinner by him; therefore, it was a great comfort to me to hear he wore neither spectacles nor beard.

"I know he will be delightful!" cried Clara. "I feel sure the whole matter is arranged by fate. Of course he will fall in love with you at once! Who could help doing so? You will look so nice, Heritage!"

This is the way in which foolish young woman chatter at times.

It would be my first dinner-party—an ordeal always trying to a young girl. Anyway, I dreaded it. In spite of Clara's well-meant compliments, my mind was not easy. I mistrusted the appearance I should present. My new dress, I fancied, fitted me badly; and I was haunted by a presentiment that my hands and the backs of my arms were destined to grow crimson. So distressing were my fears, that, as the hour approached; I would much rather have joined the boys, who, not being admitted to the feast, had gone off for a jolly row on the river—"to get out of it all," they said.

As I dressed myself, I wondered whether I should quite know what to eat, what to drink; and above all, if any one should deign to speak to me, what to talk about. Perhaps, I thought, all this comes instinctively. If, happily, such is the case, could it be possible, as Clara boldly predicted, that I should carry the little world by storm. I took one last glance at the mirror. After all, I did not look so very much amiss. Then, a few minutes before the hour struck, I entered the drawing-room, feeling almost sanguine.

The guests arrived — two by two. "Like animals going into the ark," whispered Clara, who, having seen a little more society than I had, seemed quite at her ease. Mr. Vincent Hope, as became a distinguished man, was late. At least, it was not until a few moments before dinner was announced that Mr. Ramsay brought a gentleman to me and presented him.

We bent to each other; then, taking his arm, I joined the procession to the dining-room. Of course I dropped my fan, or something, by the way. This necessitated my cavalier's stooping down to recover possession of it, thereby delaying all the couples behind us for a moment or two. I was beginning badly.

We sunk into our appointed places, and as the soup was being handed round, Mr. Hope addressed a few ordinary words to me. Then I began to realize how shy—how stupid—a person I was. The only words my foolish tongue was capable of forming were, "Yes" and "No." Connected words had left me for an indefinite period. I felt my conversational shortcomings so acutely, that it was some little while before I was able to look my neighbor in the face, except furtively and timidly.

He was tall, I knew; that fact had made itself manifest as we walked arm-in-arm. I had also received a sort of impression that he was good-looking. At last, when able to really look at him, I found that Mr. Ramsay's account, so far as it went, was a true one.

The young man was undoubtedly handsome. His eyes—the feature a woman first looks at—were good; gray, I decided, with dark lashes. His face was pale, and bore a look of refinement. His forehead was high—not too high—and his chin was large, and gave him the appearance of possessing considerable force of character. Above all, his nose was straight, and his hands well shapen. Twenty-eight, I should have guessed his age. Altogether, a very creditable young man.

Fate had been kind in selecting this companion for me, if only I could find something to talk about—something so gifted a creature as he was reported to be would not be bored with. Alas for me the conversation field seemed to have be, come suddenly barren of flowers of speech—not even a bud was left! Yet amongst people with whom I am at home, I had never yet been accused of taciturnity.

For some short time the lady on the other side of him saved me. She appeared to know him, and complimented him on the success of an article in one of the reviews, which she attributed to him. He thanked her for her praise: spoke a few words on general subjects; then, as I suppose, in duty bound, turned to me and recommenced conversation.

In five minutes, I positively hated myself and Mr. Vincent Hope. It may be kindness to bring one's intellect down to the level of the listener; I call it conceit. If, in spite of my elaborate new dress, he could not help seeing I was but a schoolgirl, was there any reason why he should so plainly show me he saw it? Was there any reason why he should quite change the manner of his discourse as he changed his listener—should talk to me in a way he evidently thought suited to my calibre? If he meant it kindly, what right had he to think I should esteem it kindness? I dare say I deserved nothing more; but who was he to judge of my deserts? It ruffled my vanity, and destroyed any self-confidence I was beginning to feel. The worst of it was, he meant no rudeness.

He did not even pretend to patronize me; he simply chose to talk upon subjects which he was pleased to think were well within my limited range. It was mortifying! I twisted up my dinner-napkin under the table, as a sort of vent to my vexation. Soon I grew desperate. I would show this man I was not the inane empty-headed school-girl he fancied me, or I would perish in the attempt.

My fluency of speech came back as suddenly as it left me. On my own account, I began to talk—of topics about which I knew nothing—of places I had never visited—of people I had never seen—and of books I had never read.

He seemed amused at my new departure, and, I flattered myself, tried to lead me on to talk. So talk I did, and thought no evil. It was not until I had once or twice gone completely out of my depth, right over head and shoulders, and was compelled to flounder back as best I could, that I fancied the wretched man was laughing at me—not openly, of course; his manner was politeness itself. Yet I had an unpleasant suspicion that more than once I had made myself an idiot in his eyes.

I positively detest people who have the misfortune to see me at a disadvantage; so, when I rose with the rest of the women and left the table, I felt that it would be a great satisfaction to have given Mr. Vincent Hope's shoulders a Parthian stab with a desert-fork. I had not been a success; and, what was worse, I knew it!

It was dull work in the drawing-room. The women were strangers to me, and talked about their own and their friends affairs, in none of which I had the slightest interest. It was very hot too. I peeped out of the window, and saw the garden looking most tempting in the light of a lovely autumnal moon. How delightful it would be if I could have one walk round it!

I doubted whether it would be quite right for a young lady to walk about the garden alone and by moonlight; but the temptation was very great. After all, I have often found it much easier and often pleasanter to yield to little temptations of this kind than to resist them; so I gave in. Even at the risk of a cold or a scolding, I would have one, just one, turn in the soft September night.

I slipped from the room, covered my head and shoulders with a shawl, and stole through the library window which opened to the ground.

The change from the close atmosphere of Mr. Ramsay's drawing-room was, as I predicted it would be, simply delicious. The clear sky, the full moon, and the bright stars which had tempted me out, made me feel quite poetical. I forgot all my little annoyances in the beauty of the night; I became quite cheerful and happy. The one turn round the garden which I had pledged myself not to exceed, grew to a great many; yet I was loath to leave the enchanting scene. But duty must not altogether be neglected. With a sigh, I turned for the last time, and began to retrace my steps to the house. To my horror, as I neared it, I saw the French casements of the dining-room open, saw the flood of brilliant light which poured out partially eclipsed as one dark body after another passed through the aperture. I realized in a moment the frightful position in which I was placed. The men were coming out to get a breath of fresh air and to smoke a cigarette before entering the drawing-room. What could I do? I was certain to be seen. By the light of the wonderful moon, everything was as clearly visible as by broad daylight. I shrunk from the publicity ridicule with which my nocturnal wanderings were sure to be greeted; in truth I was now rather ashamed of the freak which had led me into such an awkward situation. I wished to extricate myself without having to make excuses and explanations, and as I shuddered at the thought of walking boldly past the knot of gentlemen, I was compelled to adopt the alternative—concealment.

On the lawn near to me grew one of those conical trees—a species of laurel—the foliage of which touches the ground, and leaves the centre nearly hollow. This particular tree was so large that it formed a natural summer-house, and to enable it to fulfil its mission, an entrance had been cut through the boughs on the side furthest from the house. It was the very thing—a perfect harbor of refuge!

Careless of insects, heedless of the

twigs which caught and tugged at my hair, but groaning, nevertheless, as I thought of my new frock, I rushed aside, unseen and, I hoped, unheard, resolved to wait behind the friendly boughs until the voices which I heard in the distance died into silence. Feeling quite sure that no one would be likely to explore the leafy recesses of my hiding-place, I began to grow easy in my mind, and even ventured to compliment myself upon the cleverness I had displayed. My triumph was short-lived. In a few moments I became aware that voices were drawing near to me—so alarmingly near, that very soon I was able to recognize them and distinguish what they were saying. It was Mr. Vincent Hope and his host, who had strolled away from their friends.

"You have a fine specimen of a Portuguese laurel here," said the former.

"Yes," replied Mr. Ramsay. It's a fine tree of the kind. They seldom grow larger. Indeed, this one is beginning to die down. There is an entrance cut on the other side; so it makes a shady, but uncomfortable, warm-weather retreat."

Then I knew that the two gentlemen were coming round to the entrance. I was in despair. I cowered down in the darkness, and prayed that Mr. Hope's curiousity might not induce him to pursue his botanical researches into the interior. I saw his head and shoulders fill up the entrance and hide the moonlight falling there. For the moment, I was undecided whether to shriek with horror, to endeavor to scare him away by growling like a wild beast, or to lie still and trust to chance. On the whole, the last seemed the wisest course to adopt. I breathed more freely when I found he had no intention of entering—the recess was not tempting at night. I hoped the two men would now remove themselves. But, alas! my imprisonment was not yet to be ended. They stood exactly in front of the entrance, and from my hiding-place I could hear every word they spoke.

CHAPTER II.

Much as I disliked that young man, I was bound to confess that he looked provokingly handsome as he stood bare-headed in the moonlight, watching the wreaths of smoke from his cigar curling about in the still air. I could now scan him quite at my ease. My courage had returned, and I felt myself insured against discovery. My only dread was that the two men would begin to talk secrets. In such a case, my keen sense of honor must, of course, make me reveal my presence. I made a firm resolution that I would not play at eavesdropping. Alas, for poor humanity! In a minute I was straining my ears to catch every word. Yet how could I help it? Heritage Rivers was the subject of their intercourse.

"I hope you found your companion at dinner a pleasant one?" said Mr. Ramsay.

"Oh yes; very pleasant," replied Mr. Hope carelessly. "She's a nice sort of a girl, I dare say."

A nice sort of girl! The wretched man! I hated him!

"We think a great deal more of her than that," said that dear old Mr. Ramsay.

"Indeed," replied his companion, without evincing the slightest interest in the matter.

"Yes—indeed, and indeed," echoed my old friend. "But, joking apart, did you not notice she bids fair to be a most beautiful woman?"

It would have needed little more to have brought me from my lurking-place on purpose to kiss that good old man.

Vincent Hope laughed quietly.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I don't think I noticed her much. She seemed to me of the ordinary school-girl type. I don't care much for school-girls."

I dug my nails into my hands and ground my teeth. Handsome as the man looked in the moonlight, I could killed him then and there

"Yet," said Mr. Ramsay, "I noticed she talked pretty freely to you."

The shrug of Mr. Hope's shoulders almost maddened me.

"Yes; but sad nonsense," he said, "although it was rather amusing at times. Of course it is not fair to judge her now, she is very raw, and, I should say, rather awkward. If properly looked after, no doubt she will grow up to be a decent sort of a young woman."

Raw and awkward! He spoke of me—*me*, whom many of my school-friends called Queen Heritage, from the stately and dignified manner I was supposed to assume at times. A decent sort of woman! That I should hear a man, one, moreover, in his own opinion a judge on such matters, gravely set this up as the standard to which I might arrive—if properly looked after. It was too much; the fall was too great. And as the horrible thought flashed across me that his description might be true, his prediction correct, tears of mortification sprung to my eyes. Even Mr. Ramsay's almost testy rejoinder gave me no comfort.

"Oh, nonsense, Hope! She will grow up a beautiful, accomplished, and clever woman. You judge her wrongly. Talk to her again in the drawing-room; there she will be more at home."

"All right, I will," the wretch answered. "But at present I want to talk to you about more important things than young ladies. I have to-day been offered the editorship of the 'Piccadilly Magazine.' Shall I take it?"

"I congratulate you. But it is too serious a matter to decide out here. We must join the ladies now. I see every one else has gone in."

"Then I suppose we must," said Mr. Hope rather ruefully, and tossing his cigar away with a half-sigh.

I waited a minute; then I peered out, and at last ventured to creep round the laurel and reconnoitre. The broad back of my candid critic was just disappearing through the dining-room window. I shook my fist viciously at it. I watched Mr. Ramsay follow his guest, saw the window close and the blind fall; then I flew at top speed to the library, whence I had made my exit, entered noiselessly, and threw myself into a chair, feeling that my life was blighted.

The room was faintly lighted up; the door was closed; I was alone with my misery; for misery it was; I used the word soberly and advisedly, without a thought of jesting. Fortunately or unfortunately, I had heard myself appraised at my true value. My merits had been weighed by an impartial hand; I had been judged and condemned. I was a failure. "Raw and awkward." "A decent sort of a young woman"—the words ate into my heart. No expressions could have been devised which would have wounded me more deeply.

He would give me another chance in the drawing-room. Would he? I think not, Mr. Vincent Hope. No power on earth shall take me there to-night. I turn the gas up, and look at myself in the mirror. My hair is disheveled, my eyes are red, and I cannot help fancying that my nose looks rather coarse. Yes; it must be true; I am not even good-looking.

Beneficial as it may be for one who is not without vanity to learn the truth, I hate with a deadly hatred the man who has revealed it to me. Solemnly I declare, somehow, that some day I will have my revenge. I am very young, which is an advantage to one who may have to wait a long time for a certain object. O yes; I can wait—even for ten, fifteen, or twenty years, I can wait; but I will have revenge, full revenge. So I raved on and on, growing more tragical every moment, until I broke down, and began to cry again.

I had barely dried my eyes, when Clara entered the room.

"What, Heritage!" she cried; "you here! I have hunted high and low for you, but never thought of looking here. Come into the drawing-room; we must sing our duet."

I pleaded a splitting headache; I could not bear the hot room. I should go to bed at once; and in spite of Clara's entreaties, to bed I went, and had the pleasure of dreaming that I was sticking stilettos and scissors into Mr. Vincent Hope. This was so comforting, that I was quite sorry when morning came and I found it was but a dream,

"Wasn't he delightful?" was Clara's first question when we met.

"Wasn't who delightful?"

"Mr. Hope, of course. The other men were fogies."

"Now, Clara, look here. Once for all. I tell you I found that young man detestable—simply detestable! I hate him, I never met anyone I took such a dislike to."

Clara's blue eyes opened in amazement

"I thought you got on so well together," she said. "He asked for you in the drawing-room, and seemed quite sorry to hear you were ill. We liked him immensely."

He asked after me! A piece of impertinence—a gratuitious insult—a piece of superfluous hypocrisy, which, were it possible, made my wish for revenge stronger.

"Well, I loathe him," I said, "and there's an end to it. I won't even talk about him."

I was as good as my word, and Clara, for want of a listener, was obliged to desist from ringing the changes in praise of Mr. Hope.

I left Twickenham two or three days after this. As I drove to the station, Mr. Hope—most likely on his way to the Ramsays' house—passed the carriage. Clara was with me, so the young man bowed to us collectively. I made no sign of recognition.

"Heritage," said Clara, "that was Mr. Hope. Didn't you see him?"

"Was it?" I replied. "I had quite forgotten what he was like."

For a beginner, this was a pretty good fib. After telling it so calmly, I felt I was getting on. "Raw and awkward!" Oh no! I did not forget either the words or the speaker. When I declare vendetta, I mean it.

Five years passed by. I was twenty-two. I had seen many people and many things. Either for better or for worse, I had changed in much, but still retained the knack of never forgetting a foe or a friend. Incredible as it seems, my anger against Mr. Hope was keen as ever—my wish for revenge as strong. The injury he had unwittingly done me had been greater than, even in my first burst of rage, I had imagined. During the interval his words kept recurring to my mind, and hindered the growth of proper confidence and self-esteem. A long series of pleasant little social triumphs alone permitted me to say at last that his prophecy had not been fulfilled. But now, after five years, the more I thought of the annoyance, even anguish, his words had caused me, the more vicious I felt toward him; the more resolved to compass revenge when the opportunity occurred. Oh yes; I was a good hater—not a doubt of it. I could carry my stone seven years in my pocket, then turn it and carry it seven years more, or twice seven years, never for a moment forgetting its ultimate destination.

But when should I have the chance of hurling it, and how should I act when the chance came? Except in the street, casually, I had never yet the man. Vincent Hope visited no friends of mine save the Ramsays. They left Twickenham shortly after my visit, and now lived a hundred miles from town. I had stayed with them several times, but my foe had never appeared. Of course, I had heard a great deal about him. He was now quite a famous man. To keep myself posted up in the literature of the day, I was compelled to read his books, and in honesty I am bound to say I admired them, although I detested the author of them. Surely we must meet some day. I went out a great deal, and I heard he was much sought after. But our paths had not as yet crossed.

It was winter. I was spending some weeks with new friends, who had taken a great fancy to me—kind hospitable people, who like to have a constant stream of visitors passing, but very slowly, through their house. The Lightons were a wealthy county family, noted for their open-handed hospitality. I never stayed at a gayer or pleasanter place than Blaise House. It was not very large; but from the way it seemed to extend itself to accomodate the numerous guests, my belief is it must have been built on the plan of an accordion. I can only account for its capabilities by this theory.

Except from the tiny village which gave or took its name, Blaize House was miles away from everywhere; but its resources, so far as amusement went, made it immaterial in what part of the world it stood. The family consisted of Mr. Lighton—called by everyone, even by his guests, the squire; his wife, a fitting companion to him, who shared his pursuits and heartily seconded the welcome he gave to everyone; and two daughters, about my own age. These may be termed the nucleus, the standing congregation of the establishment. In addition there were sons who turned up unexpectedly and at intervals; and two or three cousins were invariably sojourning there. Add to these, again, the floating population in the shape of visitors who came and went, and you will realize that it was a merry house.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

SWEET SEVENTEEN DISCOUNTED.

"Sweet seventeen" is no longer the ideal age, even with our modern poets, says "Madge" in *London Truth*. In fact, the school girl is recognized as being (with some honorable exceptions) a disagreeable being—self-conscious, raw, and possessed of an enormous capacity for devouring sweets. There is a delicious comparison between girl and woman to be found in Besant and Rice's novel, "All in a Garden Fair," a comparison that is wholly in favor of the latter. So, my dear, remember that in a couple of years I shall reach the stationary age, 24, and that I am going to be as charming as I ever can for the whole time I remain at that age. Fortunately, our circumstances do not entitle us to have the year of our birth recorded in the "Peerage,"—a very doubtful privilege, so far as the feminine portion of our aristocracy is concerned: A little well meant fraud is, therefore, possible to us, and the only difficulty is to continue to look the part. We are not all Ninon de l'Enclos. But there are many devices available now of which that wonderful woman knew nothing. It is said, you know, that her only cosmetic was rainwater. We have besides that lawn tennis, long walks, and an immense repertory of soft tints wherewith to clothe ourselves, and make complexions dazzling that would otherwise be scarcely noted, I am going to study myself, Amy, now that I am "getting on," and shall be most careful about my dress. I shall, however, confide in you. Maud is no good, she has no reciprocity in such matters, for she would not descend to dissemble a single wrinkle o gray hair, if she possessed them.

The latest fancy in cloth costumes is to trim them with a wide band of astrakhan plush around the bottom of the skirt, beaded with a geometric braid pattern, the same trimming appearing in appropriate form on the sleeves and corsage, but not on the plain looped overskirt.

WINTER COSTUMES.

Fig. 1.—This stylish garment, the "Alexandra" redingote, is suited to all the materials employed for wraps. It is here illustrated made in dark green velveteen, has a vest of silk to match in color, and is stylishly trimmed with otter fur. The long plaited vest is a noticeably dressy feature of the design, though this can be omitted and the result will be a plain princess front. The back is laid in plaits below the waist line, giving a graceful effect to the model, which is quite as appropriate for a velvet, velveteen, or cloth costume as for an independent wrap. Coat sleeves may be substituted for the hanging ones, if preferred, and the outline for the vest, the neck and sleeves may be trimmed with fur, Astrakhan, chenille fringe, passementerie or whatever accords well with the goods selected. The double illustration is shown elsewhere. The green velvet capote has a soft puffed crown of embroidered velvet, and the brim is laid in full plaits. A fancy feather ornaments the front, and the velvet ribbon strings are tied in a bow without ends under the chin. Price of redingote patterns, thirty cents each size.

Fig. 2.—The back view of the "Ednetta" skirt and "Manita" basque are here shown, made in tapestry-woven bison cloth. The brown ground is covered with indistinct gold-colored figures, and the stylish arrangement of "Kursheedt's Standard" plaid tinsel braid, gold and brown, and soutache in a curled pattern at the edges, render it as dressy a street costume as could be desired. The tight-fitting basque is the same length all round, the back piece terminating in a moderately long postilion. The front of the basque is trimmed to simulate a vest with the braids above mentioned. The skirt has two draperies in front, a short apron draped high at the sides, and below this is a plain drapery; but the back is full and long, and the upper portion is stylishly drapped in a bouffant manner. Two box-plaitings trim the bottom of the foundation skirt. Both the basque and skirt pattern are illustrated separately elsewhere. Numerous suitgoods of a woolen texture can be made in this way, and are always improved by the application of "Kursheedt's Standard" braid, either the plain Titan, the diagonal tinsel or the plaid tinsel shown in the illustration. These come in all cloth colors, and in various widths up to No. 20, which is two and a half inches wide. The brown felt hat is a shape that can be worn over the face. It is trimmed with brown velvet, and fancy feathers are arranged high in front. Basque pattern, twenty-five cents each size. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

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601 to 910. Three hundred and fifty-six copies of Milton's or Tennyson's Poems	865
911 to 1,254. Three hundred and fourteen Solid Silver Plated Sugar Spoons or Butter Knives	314

After these will follow the *Consolation Rewards* for the last comers. So, even if you live almost on the other side of the world you can compete, as it is *the last correct* answers that are received at **TRUTH** office that takes these rewards. The plan is this, your letter must be *post-marked where mailed* not later than the closing day of this competition which is *February fifteenth*, (fifteen days allowed after date of closing for letters to reach us from distant places,) so the more distant you are the better your opportunity for securing one of these elegant and costly

CONSOLATION REWARDS

1, 2 and 3. Three elegant Rosewood Square Pianos	$1,510
4, 5, 6 and 7. Four Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches	400
8, 9, 10 and 11. Four Ladies' Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches	400
12 to 17. Six Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Tea Services	540
18 to 29. Eleven sets Chamber's Encyclopaedia (10 vols. to set)	500
30 to 39 Ten Solid Coin Silver Htg. Case or Open Face Watches	300
40 to 90. Fifty-one Aluminum Gold Htg. Case Watches	1,000
91 to 121. Thirty-one Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets, elegant design	450
122 to 300. Eighty-nine dozen Solid Silver Plated Tea Spoons	445
221 to 400. Two hundred volumes Tennyson's Poems, elegantly bound	450

This finishes the largest and most elegant list of rewards ever offered by any publisher in the world. *It will positively be the last unless* the results of this competition far exceeds the preceeding ones, as I certainly cannot afford to continue them. I have now kept faith with my subscribers and the public in continuing these Bible competitions for a year, as promised, and this great one, offering this immense list of rewards will be a fitting close to the affair. Bear in mind every one competing must send *one dollar* with their answer for which **TRUTH**, (the cheapest and best weekly for the money) will be sent six months. You therefore pay nothing extra for the privelege of competing for these costly rewards, as one dollar is the regular subscription price of **TRUTH** for a half year. You cannot fail to be well pleased with your dollar investment even if you do not succeed in gaining any one of these rewards, as **TRUTH** is extra good value for the money as thousands of our subscribers have testified. Long lists of winners in previous competitions appear in nearly every issue of **TRUTH**, and full lists of winners in this entire competition will be published in the issues of **TRUTH** immediately after the close of the competition on fifteenth February, with the full name, street and number, when in cities, and in fact all the addresses as completely as possible, in order that all may be satisfied that there is no fraud or humbug in this matter. In order to prevent fraud, the proprietor of **TRUTH** reserves the right to deny any person or persons the privilege of competing for these remarks. We have always done *exactly as promised* during this year in conducting these competitions, and our reputation for fair and honorable dealings, is too well established now to risk overthrowing it. Look up these Bible questions, it will do you good apart from anything else. These competitions have done, we are assured, a great deal to promote the study of the Bible among all classes. Now this may be your last opportunity to secure an elegant piano, a gold watch, a fine horse and carriage, in addition to a half year's subscription to one of the most widely circulated and most popular weekly magazines you may have, so attend to it now. Don't delay. All money must be sent through the post office or by express. None can be received by telephone or telegraph. Don't forget that we don't guarantee that everyone will get a prize, but out of nearly twenty-four hundred rewards you doubtless will secure something. Be prompt. Answer as soon as possible after seeing this notice, and **TRUTH** will at once be forwarded as an acknowledgment of your subscription, and your letter will take its place in the order it is received at this office. There is no favouritism, and all are treated alike, fairly and squarely.

Address, S. FRANK WILSON,

Proprietor TRUTH

33 and 35 Adelaide St. - - TORONTO, Canada.